THE LIVING AGE.

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THE CUTTERS.

"They that go down to the sea in ships . . . These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."—Psal. 107, 23-4.
"But they that go down to the sea in cutters see Hell."—"Anon." (American).

"I am a singer of songs, then" . .
"What is the song you would sing?" . .

"Only an old song—the song of the sea, and a whistling wind sweeping over it, over it;
Only the song of the sky in the night, and the moon in a ragged black curtain to cover it.
Those who go down in the great ships His thundering wonders compel;
They praise Him in fear—thirty foot in the sheer!" . . .
"But the cutters, the cutters see Hell!"

"Be not afraid, O ye cutters!" . . .
"But we be timorous men;

We are all wet, and the lash of the blast is a wall of chill terror to blind us and baffle us,
Shuffled as straws in the pot of the gods—and with Death as the drawer to draw us and raffle us—
Who shall give heed to the cutters?" . . . "We have known terror as well;
Come ye aboard; for we trust in the Lord" . . .
"But *we;* we are found'ring in Hell!"

"Cease to blaspheme, O ye cutters!
Hold by the hawser we throw.

From our high deck ye shall see as she swings, to the roll of the combers, the lights flash to lighten ye
Far o'er the welter o' wind-whitened wave; and the storm breath of Death here no longer shall frighten ye—
Flee from your perilous vessels—Look to the tale that we tell;
The haven we sight, reaching up thro' the night" . . .
"But the cutters, the cutters sight Hell!"

"Yet are *we* singers of songs, then" . .
"What is the song you would sing?"
"Only an old song—a song of the sea, and a swift hurtling terror of darkness to cover it;
Only the song of our fear and the dark . . .
We were straitly encharged to sail these things over it."

G. F. Grogan.

The Spectator.

A SEA PICTURE.

Pale sea of molten glass,
Pale sky that meets the sea,
Shadowy sails that pass—
Time and eternity.

Time and eternity,
Shadows that glide and go:
O Life, O Mystery,
O Shore that none can know!

O Shore that none can know,
O mighty, fathomless Sea,
O wonderful ebb and flow
Of the tides of eternity!

O turn of the great, dread Tide,
O God of spirits and men,
When the set sails outward glide,
Thy good Wind fill them then.

M. Samuel Daniel.

The Dublin Review.

FAIR AND HARD WEATHER.

Sail, my soul, on the sparkling sea
Of the joyful thoughts that come to me.
Shake out thy sails and travel free!

Away! For youth is on the breeze,
The wind that gives the soul no ease
Till she run before it to the seas.

* * *

Sail, my soul, on the swell below,
The tides of thought are hard to know
And no sign marks their ebb and flow.

Do thou so proudly onward bear
That none who sees thee ride so fair
May guess the dangers that are there.

Maisie Radford.

The British Review.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNREST FROM LABOR'S STANDPOINT.

The picture drawn by "Politicus" in his article on "The Tyranny of Labor," in the March issue,[1] is a black one. And if the case he endeavored to make out had been even partly true, one would have to confess things were in a very bad way. Throughout his article he has not one good word to say for organized labor. In his judgment, apparently, as the following expressions will show, organized labor is past redemption. Attacks of this description are unfortunate, because, while it must be admitted that the unrest throughout the labor world is deep, active, and growing, expressions such as those used can only embitter the strife and prevent that calm consideration of the great issues by which alone a satisfactory solution is possible.

May I be permitted to quote and refer to a few of the statements to which exception must be taken, before replying on the general question: "General Botha has set a precedent which will not be forgotten in the other Anglo-Saxon communities." This reference to, and eulogy of, General Botha's appeal to martial law, and the arrest and deportation of the South African Trade Union leaders, does not strengthen, but weakens his case, because subsequent events have shown that the conditions governing labor in South Africa call for drastic remedial action. And that those best able to judge the merits of the case—those on the spot—have emphatically pronounced against the methods adopted by General Botha.

This point of view is supported in the first place by the recommendations presented to the House of Assembly, in March, by the Commission of Inquiry—set up by the South African authorities in consequence of the labor disputes—in the following terms:—

"Periodical inquiries into the cost of living."

"Appointment of an Industrial Commission to administer legislation relating to trade unions and industrial disputes."

"A Factory Act."

"Regulation of shop hours."

"Legislative enactment of one day's rest in seven."

"Recognition of trade unions by the employers."

"Establishment of voluntary Conciliation Boards for the prevention of strikes and lock-outs."

"Recognition of local standard rates of pay and an adequate minimum wage."

"Shorter hours and higher rates of pay for overtime."

"Facilities for industrial education."

Recommendations of the above description surely may be taken as evidence of a condition of affairs sufficiently serious to amply justify the strong protests raised by labor against their continuance.

In the second place, the answer to General Botha, delivered to him by his fellow countrymen in connection with the elections, is quite as emphatic. The elections were fought on the one issue—the deportations—and the answer promptly took the shape of a return of a Labor Member to the House of Assembly for a Cape constituency, in a three-cornered contest, and later in other constituencies; and also the return of a majority of Labor members to the Transvaal Provincial Council. These events clearly show that the majority of South African electors do not approve of General Botha's actions and methods. Further, it is important to note that General Smuts has declared, from his place in the House of Assembly, on several occasions, that no charge of crime or guilty conduct could be brought against any of the

[1] The Living Age, April 18, 1914

deportees under any South African law. The withdrawal of the "Peace Preservation Bill" still further proves that the Botha methods would not stand the test of public opinion.

Turning to labor at home, "Politicus" admits that "the workers are entitled to combine with a view to raising their wages and improving their conditions," . . . "but they are not entitled to terrorize, loot, burn, and destroy in order to obtain their ends." I challenge him for any proof that organized labor in this country has ever, by word or act, claimed any such right. It is true that he endeavors to find support for so reprehensible an insinuation by a variety of quotations taken from the published work of a number of writers—most of whom would be found to widely differ from each other on general principles, and who, in the majority of cases, have no recognized standing in the organized labor movement. Moreover, to take solitary sentences in this way from a book or an article, without regard to the arguments being treated, or their context, is a method no writer, claiming to be fair-minded, should adopt. It is certainly one no fair-minded reader will accept as proving anything.

Again, in order to show the general wickedness of labor, he says: "A general railway strike was declared in Great Britain at the very moment when serious complications had arisen between Great Britain and Germany, at the time of the Morocco crisis, and the leaders, with criminal selfishness and indifference, refused to adjourn the strike until the foreign situation had become clearer." The "complications," by the way, were between France and Germany, not between Britain and Germany; my point here is that the statement with regard to the labor leaders is quite unfounded, for the simple reason that they were never consulted. How, then, is he justified in saying they "refused"?

What really happened may be worth recording. There was a conference between the Government and the railway directors. Did the employers give any evidence of that patriotic self-denial which "Politicus" quite unjustly complains was not shown by the workers? It is true the railway directors eventually agreed to co-operate with the Government in order that the troops then engaged in the pending labor dispute might be liberated. But, it was only after they had had a promise that a Bill should be carried through Parliament giving them power to increase railway rates, in order to recoup themselves for any concessions as regards wages, etc. Which strongly suggests that, in their case, profits, and not patriotism, was the ruling factor.

"Politicus" complains that "attempts are made to deprive the public of coal in mid-winter." That labor chooses its own, and what appears to be the best, time for making its demands is quite natural. But, as a matter of fact, the withdrawal of the coal miners from the pits did not so deprive the public. There were plentiful stocks of coal on hand when the coal-workers went on strike, sufficient to last for longer than the strike lasted. The "attack" on the public came not from the coal-getters, but from the coal-owners and sellers, the latter taking advantage of the dispute with the workers to force up the prices until, so far as the poorer members of the community were concerned, the prices demanded were prohibitive.

The violence and exaggeration of other of the statements made are astounding. For example: "Not long ago thousands of human lives were endangered in this country by strikers tampering with the points, destroying the signal-boxes on the railways, cutting the signal wires, etc." A charge of this serious import calls for proof; he gives none, and

cannot. That he might point to an isolated act of some ill-balanced mind, not necessarily connected directly with the dispute, where damage has been attempted, or done, is possible. But to assert that acts embracing wholesale murder are either countenanced, advocated, or defended by organized labor, or are in the remotest degree the policy of organized labor, is a charge too gross to make without offering clear proof.

I also challenge his statement that "Strikes are no longer declared by a majority of the workers, but are forced upon the workers by a few agitators—outsiders—who have obtained control over a turbulent minority." To assert this is to show an utter lack of knowledge regarding the working of the Trade Union movement. No authorized strike of to-day can take place without a discussion of the question in the Union lodges, and, where large issues are involved, an individual ballot of the members of the Unions. The further statement that "Great strikes no longer break out, but are 'made' by a few leaders" is disproved by recent labor disputes, such as the Welsh coal strike, the Welsh railway strike, High Wycombe furniture trade dispute, the strikes at Leith, Leeds, and elsewhere. In all these cases it was the rank and file of the men concerned who forced the hands of their leaders—acting sometimes in opposition to their strongly worded advice.

Again, in making the statement that "lately the control of the Labor movement has to a large extent passed from the Socialists to the Syndicalists," he shows that he is writing absolutely without knowledge. This is proved by the communications received and published from leading British Trade Unionists during the debate on "Syndicalism in Great Britain" between M. Jouhaux and M. Jean Lonquet conducted in the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes, Paris, as late as Tuesday, March 31st. These pronouncements are as follows:—

Mr. Robert Smillie, President of the Miners' Federation, wrote:—

"I know the British Labor movement fairly well, and my opinion is that Syndicalism, meaning by that term an anti-political industrial movement, direct action, &c., has very little influence on the British Trade Union movement, and that Syndicalism is making little, if any, progress."

In the name of the railway workers, Mr. Thomas, M.P., wrote:—

"Dealing with our organization, which is nearly 300,000 strong, and as you will be aware the largest single Trade Union in the country, there is not an officer, from the highest to the lowest, who is not avowedly opposed to Syndicalism."

Mr. William Thorne, M.P., Secretary of the Gas Workers' and General Laborers' Union, wrote:—

"May I say at once that the 'Syndicalist Education League' of London has little or no influence upon the larger Labor troubles we have experienced here during the past few months. Syndicalism is making no headway here."

Mr. Ben Tillett, General Secretary of the Dockers' Union, wrote:—

"There is no definite organization of Syndicalist adherence, neither is there any serious presentation of Syndicalist opinion. . . . The Industrial Syndicalist League is non-representative. . . . As a matter of fact, Syndicalism has not been considered by any of the students of Socialism, and the rank and file have the vaguest information of it. . . ."

The economic definitions of "Politicus" are as fallacious as his charges. For example, he tells us that "Socialism, which at one time was an idealistic movement, has become frankly anarchistic and revolutionary in character." This is not correct. Socialism to-day is what it ever has been. A proposal to exchange competition for co-

operation; production for use instead of for profit; and the distribution of the fruits of industry amongst those who produce them. That there are advocates of anarchy, revolution, and other violent methods on the fringe of the Socialist movement, but not officially connected with it, no one disputes, but this does not justify a mixing up of principles that are clearly antagonistic at base.

He is wrong also when he says that the policy of the "limitation of output" is advocated and adopted by organized labor. Here, again, he offers no proof beyond the dramatic declaration that "those who dare to produce more than the customary minimum are 'outed' by savage persecution." That there is a disinclination—and very properly so—on the part of British labor to respond to the demands of the American "hustler" for a continuous speeding up, until brain and body is destroyed in the effort, may be admitted. But that does not justify his statement. As a matter of fact, the well-known attitude of the great majority of British workers on this point may be much more truly defined by that somewhat hackneyed expression, "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay." Strange to say, he relies upon the criticism of Canadian and American manufacturers to support him in his theory of "limitation of output," although he apparently fails to see that their criticism is directed much more against the British manufacturer for his disinclination to "scrap" machinery in order to make room for more up-to-date inventions. No one, of course, expects that American or Canadian manufacturers will approve of the methods of British labor or British manufacturers. And, in spite of his pessimistic pronouncements, official governmental returns show that Britain contrives to hold her own in the world's markets.

But to return to the main question, which, I take it, is the consideration of the deep and active unrest which pervades British labor, I ask: Has labor just grounds for complaint regarding general conditions? Are these conditions receiving that consideration and treatment which they deserve? And if not, what alternative methods from those now adopted are possible? So far as "Politicus" is concerned, it is quite clear as to what should be done to meet labor's unrest—apply the Botha methods: martial law, arrest and deportation.

I do not propose to suggest anything in the nature of a solution of the industrial problem. Whether Socialism, Individualism, or Syndicalism offer the "way out" are questions worthy of discussion. But I am now simply dealing with industrial affairs as we find them, and the mistaken views of "Politicus" concerning them and their treatment.

Speaking generally, the resort to the strike on the part of the worker, or the "lock-out" on the part of the employer, is chiefly a wage question at the bottom—with the limitation of hours running it closely. The demand for the "living" wage is more than academic. It is actual. It is a demand which will have to be met by recognizing the justice of it. The old doctrine that markets must govern wages is rejected by labor for the new and more humane doctrine, that wages must govern markets. The wage question can be no longer settled on the old principle which compelled a man to take what was offered. Organized labor, when it is effective, has, happily, put an end to this by establishing a fixed minimum. But labor has pronounced for a higher standard still. The old idea that so many once accepted, that working men should be content to live to work, does not commend itself to the better educated worker of to-day. Now, men seek to work in order that they may live—and by the word "live" is meant

something more than working, eating, and sleeping. It means in every sense a fuller life, such as an intelligent human being is capable of enjoying.

In defending labor against the charge of "tyranny," I will, by way of illustration, take two departments of labor to which "Politicus" refers: railways and coal. What do the railway workers assert? That the risks they run, and the hours of labor involved in the services they render to the companies and to the community, are out of all proportion to the monetary return they receive, which latter, in the majority of cases, is far below anything in the nature of a living wage. There are some grades of railway men—porters and cleaners—who receive a wage as low as sixteen shillings; while speaking in general terms, it is admitted that there are many thousands of railway workers who are in receipt of less than £1 per week; that is, below Rowntree's poverty line.

Labor demands that no adult worker, who is doing useful and necessary work, ought to receive a less sum than common sense and experience demonstrate to be a real "living" wage. By that term I mean a wage sufficiently ample to keep a man and his dependants in healthy physical and happy mental condition. But if in addition to the general needs of a human being we add the risks which the majority of railway workers are called upon to run, then the demand for proper, nay, generous wages, is increased. What are the risks? The figures I quote were given in the House of Commons in February of this year during the debate on the "Address." These go to show that in the ten years 1902-12 the number of railway men killed was 4,923, and the number injured 224,115, which represents a weekly list of killed and injured of some 450 persons throughout the whole period. And the startling fact was also shown that the rate is increasing rather than diminishing. Comparing 1904 with 1912, the increases in the various grades were as follows:—

	1904	1912
"Capsan" men . .	1 in 9	1 in 8
Cleaners (carriage)	1 „ 33	1 „ 21
Goods shed grades	1 „ 50	1 „ 11
Engine cleaners . .	1 „ 40	1 „ 12
Loaders and sheeters	1 „ 25	1 „ 5
Porters (goods and passengers) . .	1 „ 19	1 „ 8

Last year the number of fatal accidents to railway servants was higher than for any of the preceding six years. The non-fatal accidents, which were 14,000 in 1902, had risen to 28,000 in 1912—double!

"Politicus" has a good deal to say concerning the antipathy of British labor to "speeding up," or, as he puts it, to labor's tyrannous "limitation of output." Whatever ground he may think he has for advancing such a charge in other departments of labor, he certainly has no grounds for making it in connection with the railway worker. The complaint of the men—and facts clearly substantiate their claim—is that the increase of deaths and accidents on British railways is due to the speeding up methods which have been adopted. That this is not mere assumption is shown by the fact that in 1910 the railway companies of this country carried millions of tons more merchandise, and millions more passengers, than they did in 1907; while at the same time the Board of Trade Returns show that this increase of traffic was carried on with 13,000 men fewer than were previously employed. It has been also clearly shown, during inquiries regarding railway accidents, that the lives of passengers and railway workers alike are jeopardized and lost through "speeding up" methods, as well as by the risky economizing on the part of the management in the number and strength of engines employed, the in-

creasing weight and length of trains, the cheap quality of coal—which compels such constant attention on the part of the engine hands that they are often unable to give adequate attention to passing signals—abnormally long hours of labor, and other preventable causes. Under these circumstances can complaint be fairly made if the workers decline any longer to be passive victims of the speeding up mania which has seized upon so many directors of industry?

If railway directors remain obdurate to the reasonable demands for less pressure, surely they cannot complain if the men take a strong line in order to enforce attention. As regards the claims of the railway worker to increased pay, "Politicus" will no doubt tell us that already the dividends paid by the British railway companies are so small that they cannot expect such increase. It is true that according to a writer in *The Times* the railway companies only paid an all-round dividend of 3.5 per cent, but the question at once arises, is the amount of capital which ranks for dividend the amount which should so rank, legitimately? I believe I am correctly stating the fact when I say that the total amount of capital which ranks for dividend in connection with British railways is no less than £1,318,515,417. And I also believe it has been shown by Board of Trade returns that at least £200,000,000 would be accurately termed, in finance parlance, "water"! Surely, the payment of the men who do the work and run the risks should rank before the holders of "watered" stock?

Take another section of workers upon whom "Politicus" pours the vials of his wrath—the miners. To these, in theory, he does not deny the right to "either work or refrain from working," but in practice he objects to their doing so in "mid-winter." I have dealt already with this point as regards the charge of the "attack" on the public. What I want to deal with here is the claim of the mine worker that the conditions of his labor and the risks he runs are, as with his fellow-worker the railway man, out of all proportion to his monetary receipts. There are upwards of a million men engaged in and about mines, many of whom are compelled to labor in a practically nude condition, in many cases in a temperature of 100°, subject, at any moment, to injury, or death, as a result of falls or explosions. Falls and explosions, by the way, that have been clearly shown in inquiries into mine disasters, could and would have been minimized, if not obviated entirely, if proper precautions as regards safety outlets, ventilation, and other known safety methods had been adopted. It was stated in the House of Commons only a few weeks back, when the need for specific legislation was urged, that in 1911 the number of fatal accidents in British mines was 1,724, and in 1912 1,726. And, in addition, upwards of 170,000 cases of injury per year. Surely an appalling condition of affairs. How can anyone complain if and when the mine-workers revolt against a continuation of things which produce such results? After all, where is the comparison of the inconvenience of the public even in "mid-winter" compared with such a list of death and disablement? If the public will not support the demands of the mine-worker for the abolition of this ghastly toll of life and limb, then the public must put up with a shortage of coal even in "mid-winter," if, in the judgment of the men who may be called upon to face this loss of life and limb, "mid-winter" is the best time for them to take action. The fact that the workers may, and probably do, object to the growing demand of the captains of industry to "speed up," does not warrant wholesale charges of "limitation of output." Whatever may be

said—from the employers' point of view—in favor of "speeding up" methods in industrial production—in order to secure larger financial results—the objections to, and the evil results of it, from the workers' point of view, are equally, nay, even more, important.

I have before me the Home Office return issued last year (1913) giving statistics of proceedings taken under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, and the "Employers' Liability Act of 1880," during the year 1911. The seven great groups of industries concerned were: mines, quarries, railways, factories, harbors, and Docks and Shipping. The number of employers included in these returns was 139,884, and the number of workpeople employed by them 7¼ millions, of whom nearly 5¼ millions were in factories. Compensation claims were paid in 4,021 cases of death and 419,031 cases of disablement in the year 1911—*an increase of 511 deaths and 40,691 disablements, as compared with 1910.* This increase in 1911 was not confined to that one year but had been continuous. For the three years 1909, 1910, 1911, the amounts paid in compensation for death and injury in these industries were £2,274,238, £2,700,325, and £3,056,404 respectively. That this increase was largely the result of efforts to unduly economize in the expenses of management, and "speeding up" methods, are facts which cannot be disputed. The view that a monetary payment is in any degree satisfactory compensation for loss of life or limb cannot be accepted, and if the organized workers, when faced with this ever-increasing toll of death and injury, become restive, and take strong action, they cannot fairly be charged with "tyranny."

"Politicus" makes much of sundry quotations from the "British Census of Production," which, in his estimation, go to show that "in this country production per worker is incredibly low" and that this "low production" and necessarily "low wages" proves that the "limitation of output" is the cause of both. He quotes figures from the "Census" to support his claim, but makes the mistake of not taking into calculation the fact that the figures quoted as "the gross value of production per worker" include the wages paid to women, boys, and girls in the particular industries referred to, as well as the wages paid to men. This is very misleading, as will be realized when it is seen that, as regards the 6½ millions of workers dealt with in the "Census of Production" tables, more than 2¼ millions are women, boys, and girls.

I should like to have dealt generally with other departments of industry, and shown by existing conditions how urgent is the need for drastic action in regard to improving the life and lot of labor. Take the case of the Leeds strike. What was it all about? A demand for an extra halfpenny per hour by men who were in receipt of fivepence per hour, for doing work, not only highly necessary, but often exceedingly disagreeable. Will any say *that* was a "tyrannous" demand? The demand was rejected; the men went on strike, and the employers, rather than give the extra halfpenny, spent considerably over £100,000 of public money—a sum sufficient to have paid the extra halfpenny for several years—in order to defeat the men's demand. Where was the "tyranny" in this case? Again, take the case of the agricultural laborers in Norfolk. They, at the time of writing, are struggling to secure 16s. per week, with a half-day holiday per week. Is *this* an unreasonable demand? But the Farmers' Federation is expending large sums of money to enable the farmers in the area concerned to wear down the laborers and starve them back to semi-starvation wages. Where

is the "tyranny" in *this* case? Another illustration: the "Somerset Society," an organization which concerns itself with raising funds to apprentice the children of poor parents in that county, recently published a list of families whose circumstances they had investigated. From this I take the following:—

654. Father a farm laborer, earning 12s. per week. Four children, two dependent on the parents.

674. Father a cowman, earning 15s. per week. Seven children living, three dependent.

675. Father a farm laborer, earning 14s. per week. Eight children, all dependent.

694. Father a laborer, earning 16s. per week. Nine children living, six dependent.

699. Father an agricultural laborer, earning 12s. per week, and the mother does occasional charing, earning 4s. per week. Seven children, all dependent.

706. Father a gardener, earning 16s. per week. Three children living, all dependent.

707. Father a farm laborer, earning 12s. per week. Three children, one dependent.

714. Father a laborer, earning 16s. per week. Eight children living, six wholly and one partially dependent.

Let anyone imagine the misery, if he can, of having to bring up a family on such wretched wages.

There are those who say it is reasonable that workers in receipt of such low wages as those referred to should seek to obtain advances, but that this does not equally apply to the better-paid skilled artisan. I reply that, in view of the great increase in the cost of living, which has reduced the purchasing power of the shilling by 20 per cent, every grade of labor is affected; and it is the struggle to keep abreast of things which is responsible for much of the unrest.

Take the recent case of the strike in connection with the tweed mills dispute at Chipping Norton, where the workers were dismissed for joining the "Workers' Union." It was shown that wages of one penny three farthings an hour, and even a penny farthing an hour, had been paid to women workers for years. Where was the "tyranny" *here?* Did space permit, I could give scores of cases where the workers have been goaded into resistance as a result of long-continued refusals to grant them reasonably decent conditions. It may be urged that there is no objection to the workers seeking to improve their condition by "peaceful" means, negotiations, etc. But where negotiations fail, what then? The worker withholds his labor and the public is inconvenienced. "Politicus" prefers the word "attacked," which, of course, gives an entirely wrong view of the facts. He will say his objections are against "looting, burning, and destroying," etc. My reply is that he has no grounds for insinuating that such is the policy of organized labor.

His contention that "the tyrannous policy of organized labor is gradually destroying the industries of this country" is ridiculous. The facts are all the other way. For example: the report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners (apart from Customs and Excise) for the year 1912-13 clearly demonstrates the remarkable growth of the nation's wealth. And I presume that even "Politicus" will admit that *labor is the source of all wealth.* What do we find in the report in question? That in the ten years 1902-1912 the gross income, as shown by income tax returns—always, admittedly, on the side of moderation—has risen from £879,638,000 in 1902 to £1,070,142,000 in 1912. Thus in ten years the gross national income has increased by no less than £190,504,000. The increase in the last recorded year (1912) being £24,308,000. Where did this increase of

national wealth go? What proportion went to the worker? A further analysis of this particular return provides the answer; it shows that the nation's wealth is not only enormously increasing, but is gradually being accumulated into fewer hands, which accounts for the small amount received by labor, much more than the theory of "limitation of output"—£94,143,000 was divided amongst 4,143 persons. This accumulation is further exemplified in the death duties for 1911-12, the estates of 253 persons being proved to the total value of £89,341,000.

If our industries are being, as he says, "gradually destroyed," the process of destruction is a remarkably gratifying process. If he will glance, for example, at the *Economist* for October 25th, 1913, he will find that the growth of the value of our exports has increased per head of our population from £6.75 in 1902 to £10.67 in 1912. Again, if he will look up the records of British industry he will find that in 1912 the coal, iron, and steel trades recorded phenomenal activity, the exports being £33,000,000—an increase of £2,000,000 over the figures of 1909. So that here again the facts are against him.

That there is industrial unrest, deep and active, we know. But is this the unmitigated evil we are asked to believe? Is it the unreasoning and unreasonable spirit of defiant destruction he endeavors to depict it? I say no. It is simply the result of evolutionary forces, which no amount of argument can prevent, or opposition check. You cannot educate the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and keep them reconciled to long hours of monotonous toil, at wages on which they cannot even decently feed and clothe themselves, much less satisfy the cravings of a widened outlook and a keener appreciation of the good things of life. It is no use "Politicus" complaining of this, it is equally useless to refuse to recognize and satisfy it. The worker has caught a vision of the possibilities of life, such as fifty years ago was undreamed of, and is determined that his children shall enter more fully into the enjoyments of a higher standard of existence than it has been his good fortune to rise to. That this means not only higher wages and shorter hours, but a reorganization of the principles governing commerce and industry are facts that will have to be faced. It is no use appealing to the Cæsar-like methods of Botha. The giant Labor is awakening to the realization of the fact that he who produces all has, in the past, had to rest content with the crumbs that happened to fall his way. To-day Labor is asking for "a place in the sun" and for reasonable opportunities to enjoy the sunshine. If "Politicus" is wise, he will urge his friends to meet Labor in the Gate.

Frank Smith.

The Fortnightly Review.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE LAW.

By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.

To write upon the subject of this essay is a specially pleasant task to a lawyer who has spent his life in the Temple, and has seldom passed one of his working days without being reminded of some passage in the works of the Master. My early years of legal work were spent on the ground-floor of 34 Garden Court, whence I was driven when the old houses were pulled down, and now I look down from my window at 2 Essex Court on the fountain where Tom Pinch used to meet his sister, and where John Westlock appeared one day

when Ruth was running up the steps.

How often have I trodden those steps and thought of Ruth turning hurriedly away, and John Westlock running after her and bringing her back, and then going off with her and her brother to dine and spend the happy afternoon in Furnival's Inn, where Dickens lived, and which he loved so well.

If all the crowd of characters who throng the works of Dickens were marshalled into groups, the lawyers' group would be the largest; of all professions and callings the lawyer's calling was that which he knew the best.

His opinion of the law is best expressed in a well-known passage in "Oliver Twist." Mr. Bumble, threatened with loss of office for having been accomplice to a fraud, tries to excuse himself on the ground that his wife was the real culprit. (Chap. 51.)

"'It was all Mrs. Bumble. She *would* do it,' urged Mr. Bumble; first looking round to ascertain that his partner had left the room.

"'That is no excuse,' replied Mr. Brownlow. 'You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and indeed are the more guilty of the two, for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.'

"'If the law supposes that,' said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, 'the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience.'"

It was a very disrespectful thing for a parochial officer to say, but it represented Charles Dickens' own very strong opinion, and his eyes had been opened by bitter experience.

In 1822 the school which his mother tried to set up in Gower Street proved a complete failure.

"Nobody" (he wrote some years later) "ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was ever made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested."

At that time, anybody could be summarily arrested for debt, even if no action had been brought against him or judgment recovered, and unless he was a trader there was no bankruptcy law by which he could get release. The father was taken off to the Marshalsea prison, and there his son—then ten years old—paid him a visit, which he afterwards described.

"My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the top story but one) and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. I see the fire we sat before now; with two bricks inside the rusted grate, one on each side, to prevent its burning too many coals. Some other debtor shared the room with him, who came in bye and bye; and as the dinner was a joint-stock repast I was sent up to 'Captain Porter' in the room overhead, with Mr. Dickens's compliments, and I was his son, and could he, Captain Porter, lend me a knife and fork."

The father had some small income, and the family moved into the Marshalsea, and lived there until a fortunate legacy helped them to freedom, and, getting employment as a newspaper reporter, Mr. Dickens succeeded in spending the rest of his life in comparative respectability.

In 1827 the son came into the humblest rank of the legal profession. When just fifteen, he was for a few months a clerk, or probably rather an errand-boy, in the office of an attorney, Mr. Charles Molloy of 6 Symonds Inn

(not 6 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, as John Forster puts it). Years afterwards in "Bleak House" he described the Inn. "A little, pale, wall-eyed, woe-begotten Inn, like a huge dustbin of two compartments and a sifter." Then came a year and a half with Ellis & Blackmore, at 1 Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn, and there he studied the different types and classes of attorney's clerks. In a well-known passage in "Pickwick" he describes the four grades in this branch of the profession; there are many brief sketches of their representatives, and in Lowten, Wemmick, and especially in Mr. Guppy "of Penton Place, Pentonville, in the county of Middlesex," we have highly finished studies.

Dickens was only a junior clerk, and got no more than fifteen shillings a week: so, teaching himself Gurney's Shorthand, he left Ellis & Blackmore, and for a year or two became a professional shorthand-writer, being employed by the proctors of Doctors' Commons, and sometimes doing work in the Courts of Chancery.

The biographers of Charles Dickens give very vague accounts of this period of his life, and one useful little bit of material has, I think, hitherto escaped their attention.

At that time the Law List used to give the names of the shorthand-writers to the proctors, and in 1831 at the bottom of that list appeared the entry "C. Dickens, 5 Bell Yard, Doctors' Commons." In 1832 it was still the last name in the list, and it remained there uncorrected, until 1838; but after 1833, other names appeared below it.

Here he made familiar acquaintance with that strange group of ecclesiastical courts whose privileged advocates and proctors fattened upon a system of procedure which the perverse ingenuity of many generations had fashioned into a system as obscure and as costly as the world ever knew. Here too he fell in love with Dora, for there was really a Dora, though she married somebody else, and many years later Dickens took his wife to call upon her. Here he probably wrote the account of Doctors' Commons which is the eighth chapter of the "Scenes" in "Sketches by Boz," and here his mind gathered and stored the material which he used nearly twenty years later in "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House."

There was a rich field to be found in the Court of Chancery. Some people —even some lawyers—who now read "Bleak House" think that there must be some of the exaggeration of a caricature in the descriptions of the appearance and practice in Chancery Courts, and of the procedure in the interminable cause of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. They are quite mistaken. There is an admirable essay written by a great Judge—Lord Bowen—portions of which ought to be printed in the appendix to every volume of Dickens which deals with legal subjects. It is an essay on "The Administration of the Law from 1837 to 1887," and is buried in a valuable but now little-known book by Mr. Humphry Ward on the reign of Queen Victoria, which was published by Smith, Elder & Co., in the Jubilee Year.

"A bill in a Chancery suit was a marvellous document which stated a plaintiff's case at full length and three times over. There was first the part in which the story was circumstantially set forth. Then came the part which charged its truth against the defendant, or in other words, which set it forth all over again in an aggrieved tone. Lastly came the interrogating part, which converted the original allegations into a chain of subtly framed inquiries, addressed to the defendant, minutely dovetailed, and circuitously arranged, so as to surround a slippery conscience and to stop up every earth.

"No layman, however intelligent, could compose the answer without pro-

fessional aid. It was invariably so elaborate and so long, that the responsibility for the accuracy of the story shifted during its telling from the conscience of the defendant to that of his solicitor and counsel, and truth found no difficulty in disappearing during the operation.

"Unless the defendant lived within twenty miles of London, a special commission was next directed to solicitors to attest the oath, upon which a lengthy answer was sworn, and the answer was then forwarded by sworn messengers to London. Its form often rendered necessary a re-statement of the plaintiff's whole position, in which case an amended bill was drawn requiring another answer, until at last the voluminous pleadings were completed and the case was at issue.

"By a system which to lawyers in 1887 appears to savor of the Middle Ages, the evidence for the hearing was thereupon taken by interrogatories written down beforehand on paper and administered to witnesses in private before an examiner or commissioner.

"At this meeting none of the parties was allowed to be present, either by themselves or by their agents, and the examiner himself was sworn to secrecy. If cross-examined at all (for cross-examination under such conditions was of necessity something of a farce) the witness could only be cross-examined upon written inquiries prepared equally in advance by a counsel who had never had an opportunity of knowing what had been said during the examination-in-chief.

"If the examination was in the country, it took place at some inn before the commissioner and his clerk, the process seldom costing less than £60 or £70. It often lasted for days or weeks, at the end of which this mysterious produce was sealed up and forwarded to London. On the day of the publication of the depositions, copies were furnished to the parties at their own expense, and from that moment no further evidence was admissible. Nor could any slip in the proofs be repaired except by special permission of the Court, when, if such leave was granted, a fresh commission was executed with the same formalities, and in the same secret manner as before.

"The expense of the proceedings, of the preparation for the hearing, and of the other stages of the litigation may be imagined, when we recollect that it was a necessary maxim by the Court of Chancery, that all parties interested in the result must be parties to the suit. If, for example, relief was sought against a breach of trust, all who were interested in the trust estate had to be joined as well as all who had been privy to the breach of trust itself.

"During the winding journey of the case towards its termination, whenever one death occurred, bills of review, or supplementary suits became necessary to reconstitute the charmed circle of litigants which had been broken. On every such catastrophe the plaintiff had again to begin wearily to weave his web, liable on any new death to find it unravelled and undone.

"It was satirically observed, that a suit to which fifty defendants were necessary parties (a perfectly possible contingency) could never hope to end at all, since the yearly average of deaths in England was one in fifty, and a death as a rule threw over the plaintiff's bill for at least a year."[1]

No one can charge Charles Dickens with exaggeration in his description of Chancery practice when a distinguished Chancery lawyer (Spence) wrote in 1839—

"No man, as things now stand, can enter into a Chancery suit with any reasonable hope of being alive at its termination if he has a determined adversary."[2]

To deal with the enormous mass of business which came under this extraordinary system there were only three judges—the Lord Chancellor, a political officer who came in and went out with the Government, and might be a common lawyer who knew very little of the doctrines or rules of Equity, a

[1] Lord Bowen, "The Adminstration of the Law"—Ward's "Reign of Queen Victoria," vol. I. p. 290.
[2] Ibid, p. 296.

Vice-Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls. So even the simplest case took years to try. In January 1839 there were 556 cases awaiting trial before the Chancellor or the Vice-Chancellor, and those next to be taken had been ripe and ready for trial for three years. Over three hundred cases were in the list of the Master of the Rolls, and the next to be attended to had been waiting its turn for a year and a half.

With this knowledge of the methods and equipment of the Court of Chancery we can better appreciate the famous description with which "Bleak House" opens:

"Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of heaven and earth.

"On such an afternoon, if ever, the Lord High Chancellor ought to be sitting here—as here he is—with a foggy glory round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog. On such an afternoon, some score of members of the High Court of Chancery bar ought to be—as here they are—mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities, running their goat-hair and horse-hair warded heads against walls of words, and making a pretence of equity with serious faces, as players might. On such an afternoon, the various solicitors in the cause, some two or three of whom have inherited it from their fathers, who made a fortune by it, ought to be—as are they not?—ranged in a line, in a long matted well (but you might look in vain for Truth at the bottom of it), between the registrar's table and the silk gowns, with bills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, masters' reports, mountains of costly nonsense, piled before them. Well may the court be dim, with wasting candles here and there; well may the fog hang heavy in it as if it would never get out; well may the stained glass windows lose their color, and admit no light of day into the place; well may the uninitiated from the streets, who peep in through the glass panes in the door, be deterred from entrance by its owlish aspect, and by the drawl languidly echoing to the roof from the padded dais where the Lord High Chancellor looks into the lantern that has no light in it; and where the attendant wigs are all stuck in a fog-bank! This is the Court of Chancery; which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire; which has its worn-out lunatic in every madhouse, and its dead in every churchyard; which has its ruined suitor, with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress, borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance; which gives to monied might the means abundantly of wearying out the right; which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope; so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart; that there is not an honorable man among its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning, 'Suffer any wrong that can be done you rather than come here!'"

On the Common Law side of Westminster Hall there were absurdities which rivalled those in the practice of Chancery. Pleadings were not so long, but they were even more technical and almost as full of pitfalls for the unwary. And, strangest rule of all, when a case was tried and witnesses were called before a jury, the evidence of the Plaintiff and Defendant and of every one who had the slightest interest in the suit was sternly rejected. The Law assumed that nobody could be trusted to speak the truth in any matter which, however remotely, concerned himself. So, as Lord Bowen says—

"The merchant whose name was forged to a bill of exchange had to sit by silent and unheard while his acquaintances were called to offer conjectures and beliefs as to the authenticity of the disputed signature from what they knew of his other writings. If a farmer in his gig ran over a foot passenger in the road the two persons whom the law singled out to prohibit from becoming witnesses were the farmer and the foot passenger."[3]

It appears astonishing, but there is something still more strange. It was only sixteen years ago that, after twenty-two years of efforts in which I am proud to remember that I took my part, the monstrous rule that a person accused of crime could not be heard to give evidence in his own defence was done away with in England; but that barbarous and wicked law still exists in Ireland.

The new-comer to the business of shorthand-writer to the proctors had probably a good deal of spare time, and very little spare cash, and he soon tried to add to his income by writing for the newspapers. Ellis had disappeared from practice, and Blackmore had removed to Mitre Court, Fleet Street, where it is likely enough that Charles Dickens kept in touch with the acquaintances he had made in Raymond's Buildings.

For two or three years, beginning in 1833, he wrote some scattered pieces; but in none of these, nor in the "Sketches by Boz" now sometimes looked at because that name became so famous, was there any great sign of power. The fame of Charles Dickens began when, in August 1838, he introduced Mr. Pickwick and the public to Sam Weller blacking boots in the yard of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough; and the trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, which came a few months later, sealed his success.

Dickens in all his best work painted direct from life, and while he was writing the "Pickwick Papers," and just before Sam Weller was introduced into the story, there was a very remarkable case tried at Westminster Hall, with the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Tindal, presiding, and half a dozen of the most famous advocates of the day engaged as counsel. It was an action for criminal conversation (which was the legal euphemism for adultery) brought by Mr. Norton, a London police magistrate, against Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister. This was before the days of the Divorce Court, and as the law stood then a husband who wished to divorce an unfaithful wife had first to bring an action at Common Law against the partner of her guilt and recover a verdict and damages. Then he had to bring a suit in the Ecclesiastical Courts and obtain a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, from bed and board, or what we should call a judicial separation. Then a bill was introduced into the House of Lords, and the evidence heard all over again. It was passed and sent down to the House of Commons with a clause in it, to salve the consciences of some of the bishops, providing that the parties should not be free to marry again. This was struck out by the Commons as a matter of course, and then, the consciences of the bishops being pacified, the Bill became an Act, and the injured husband, who had spent from £1,000 to £1,500 in these proceedings, was completely relieved from the marriage tie. At neither of these trials could he or the accused persons give any evidence at all.

The Norton action for "crim. con." became a great political event. The newspapers of that time were not very scrupulous. *The Times*, even before the case came on for trial, spoke of the Ministry in a leading article as the "Crim. Con. Cabinet."

The case came on at Westminster on

[3] Bowen, p. 287.

June 22, 1836. Sir William Follett, who had been Solicitor-General under Sir Robert Peel, led for the plaintiff; Sir John Campbell, the Attorney-General, with Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, and Talfourd, afterwards a judge, appeared for the defendant.

The inconvenient old court at the side of Westminster Hall was densely crowded; five guineas was paid for a seat; the junior bar almost caused a riot by insisting on their right to preferential treatment, and all day a crowd waited in the Hall. Those were not indulgent days. The trial began at half-past nine in the morning; about six o'clock in the evening the case for the plaintiff was closed and Sir John Campbell, pleading fatigue, asked for an adjournment to the next morning. This was not granted, and it was not until half-past eleven at night, when the trial had lasted almost continuously for fourteen hours, that the cheers of the crowd in the Hall, which could be heard in the House of Commons, announced that the jury had given a verdict for Lord Melbourne. Sir John Campbell went over (in his robes) to take his place on the Government bench in the House and had a great reception. More than half the contents of *The Times* newspaper of the following day consisted of a verbatim report of the evidence, and a very full report of the speeches.

It is curious that the "Annual Register" for 1836 does not contain, even in the monthly chronicle, any mention of the trial.

Two passages from the opening speech of Sir William Follett, passages not very creditable to the advocate who uttered them, need to be quoted in full:

"If we find that the defendant in this case has taken advantage of the high position in which he stands to lull suspicion asleep, to introduce himself into the family of Mr. Norton as his benefactor, his patron, and his friend, if he has taken advantage of that position to inflict the deepest injury—ay, the deepest injury in every case in the present state of society which one man can inflict upon another—but in this instance where the intercourse has been long continued, and where children have been born, it is impossible to calculate the extent of the injury, for it does poison in its source the dearest of all earthly affections,—the love of a father to his child—if the defendant has taken advantage of his position to inflict upon Mr. Norton this deepest of all injuries, the defendant's rank and station must necessarily form one of the elements of consideration in the amount of damages you shall award.

"But there is still another fact,—notes were continually interchanged between them. I have proof that notes were frequently carried from Mrs. Norton to his house, and answers frequently brought from Lord Melbourne. Where are those notes? . . . Whether they were letters of a description that would have satisfied you of his guilt or not I cannot tell, whether they were destroyed or not I have no means of knowing . . . three notes were found in another part of the house in the handwriting of Lord Melbourne. . . . These three notes, which have since been found, relate only to his hours of calling on Mrs. Norton, nothing more, but there is something in the style even of these trivial notes, to lead at least to something of suspicion. Here is one of them: 'I will call about half-past four, yours.' There is no regular beginning to the letters, they don't commence with 'My dear Mrs. Norton,' or anything of that sort, as is usual in this country when a gentleman writes to a lady. Here is another of the notes. 'How are you?' Again there is no beginning as you see. 'I shall not be able to call to-day but probably shall to-morrow.' This is not the note of a gentleman to a lady with whom he may be acquainted. The third runs thus: 'No House to-day. I shall call after the Levée about four or half-past. If you wish it later let me know; I shall then explain about going to Vauxhall.'

"These are the only notes which have been found; if the others were like

them they probably may have been destroyed, but even these are not in the style and form of address of notes a gentleman would write to a lady with whom he was merely on friendly terms. They seem to import much more than the words convey. They are written cautiously I admit—there is no profession of love in them. They are not love-letters, but they are not written in the ordinary style of correspondence usually adopted in this country between intimate friends or mutual acquaintances."

(Sir William Follett oddly enough forget to mention they were all signed in full "Melbourne," and that two of them were dated, one July 21, 1833, and the other February 4, 1836.)

"I think no man can look at these visits going on in the way they have been, no man can think of Lord Melbourne having been at that house as he was, all the circumstances having taken place as described, and not feel satisfied that for a considerable space of time Lord Melbourne had been carrying on an illicit intercourse with this unfortunate lady."

After reading these passages one can understand the delight of the public when, in the famous scene of the Bardell *v.* Pickwick trial, they came to this passage:

"Drawing forth his very small slips of paper, Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded:

"'And now gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters too bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but fortunately far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language, and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:

"'"Garraways, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B—— Chops and Tomato Sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? "Chops and Tomato Sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato Sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. "Dear Mrs. B—— I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression, "Don't trouble about the warming-pan!" The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of a man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about the warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeable to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?'"

Sir William Follett, unquestionably the greatest advocate of the day, was not the only lawyer ridiculed in this wonderful chapter. Mr. Justice Gaselee had been fourteen years on the bench of the Common Pleas, and was easily recognized under the title of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. It is possible that in his case the ridicule had a serious result, for in a month or two after the trial was published he resigned his judgeship.

It has been suggested that the original of Serjeant Buzfuz was to be found in Ralph Thomas, the curious person who used to practise at the Old Bailey, and sold violins and pictures at 16

Stratford Place, and there employed young John Millais at a salary of two guineas a week. But when "Pickwick" was published Thomas had only been six years at the Bar, and it was ten years later before he received the coif and became Mr. Serjeant Thomas. There can be little doubt that, so far as Buzfuz was sketched from life, the sitter was Serjeant Bumpus, who, in 1827 (the supposed date of the Bardell *v.* Pickwick trial), was the junior of the twenty-two serjeants who then enjoyed special privilege in the Court of Common Pleas. The late County Court Judge Bompas confidently claimed the honor for his father, and there is a suggestion in the sound of the name.

I only knew one other case in which a name used by Charles Dickens clearly indicated the original of the portrait. When Oliver Twist was charged with stealing a book he was brought before a violent and ill-tempered magistrate whom Dickens called "Mr. Fang," "on a morning when a newspaper had commended him for the 350th time to the attention of the Home Secretary." No one failed to see that it was Mr. Lang, the magistrate at Bow Street, who was being thus described.

Sir Frank Lockwood said he never could understand why Dickens located Serjeant Snubbin in the regions of Equity, but the fact is that in 1827, when Dickens was with Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Serjeant W. D. Russell, little known as an advocate, but perhaps, like Serjeant Snubbin, a much sought-for adviser—"at the very top of his profession—gets treble the business of any man in court—engaged in every case—leads the court by the nose"—had his chambers at 5 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

In "Great Expectations" there is another indication of this kind which seems pretty clear. When Pip travels by coach to London to see Mr. Jaggers, the great police-court attorney, the card bearing Mr. Jaggers's address has written on it, "just out of Smithfield and close by the coach-office." The coach office was at Wood Street, Cheapside, and it cost Pip a shilling to get to the attorney's office. When Pip, not finding Mr. Jaggers in, went out for a walk he went towards Smithfield, and not liking the look of it turned down a street which led to the Old Bailey. When "Great Expectations" appeared in 1860, the name of J. G. Lewis was better known than that of any other attorney in this class of work, and for over twenty-five years his office had been at 10 Ely Place, Holborn.

There is another interesting personal identification which has hitherto been overlooked. The one great heroic character to be found in the works of Charles Dickens is Sydney Carton. In all his writings there is nothing, to my thinking, to equal in depth of pathos or strength and beauty of expression the chapter which tells of the last hour of Carton's life. I have heard it spoken of as stilted and artificial. The criticism is not true. There are sentences which torn from their surroundings may look strained. But let the whole chapter be read aloud, or, better still, heard from the musical voice of another, and the criticism will never be repeated.

Carton—Memory Carton—was the jackal to a famous lion, who strutted for a showy hour on the public stage. Stryver "stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from every drawback of delicacy" shouldered himself into Parliament as member for Marylebone, and a year before "The Tale of Two Cities" was published made his most notable forensic speech in defence of Dr. Bernard, charged with complicity in the attempt to murder the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

It was at 2 Dr. Johnson's Buildings in the Temple that Stryver, Q.C., and Memory Carton had their working

chambers, and in real life their names were Edwin James and Gordon Allan.

Neither of them was quite as bad as he was painted. Stryver lived freely, but he was not a drunkard. Carton never sank so low as was pictured in the book; nor ever rose—perhaps because the occasion never came—to the sublime self-sacrifice which Dickens so nobly described. Edwin James was detected in roguery and disbarred, and disappeared from England; and soon after, Gordon Allan was found at his "high chamber in a well of houses almost starving." The generosity of his brother barristers gave four hundred pounds to equip him with books and clothing, to help him to start a new career in another land.

This article may fitly close with a few more sentences written by Lord Bowen in the same essay from which quotation has already been made.

"The faults, the air, the humorous absurdities and abuses of many branches of the law have been preserved to us by the pen of Charles Dickens. Writers of sentimental fiction not unfrequently exercise their powers of sarcasm on the subject of the enormities of the law by inventing for the law courts an imaginary procedure which never yet was seen and then denouncing its iniquities. But the pictures of English law at the beginning of the reign which Dickens has made immortal are full of the insight of a great artist, come direct from the brain of one who has sat in court and watched, represent real scenes and incidents as they might well appear to the uninitiated in the gallery. His pictures of the Chancery suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, of the common jury trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, of the debtors' prison, of the beadle, of the constable, of the local justice, and of the local justice's clerk, contain genuine history even if it is buried under some extravagance."[4]

[4] Bowen, p. 303.

The Cornhill Magazine.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER XV.

The tall figure of John Fazackerly was indeed at that very moment most opportunely topping the sand-hill up which the angry old Colonel was heavily ploughing his way. Dashing through the group in the outer room, the girl ran forth, waving her hand and calling, "Mester Fazackerly, eh, Mester Fazackerly! Stop him, stop him, an' coom yo'r ways down!"

"Here," cried John, "hi! Coom back you!"

"Eh, do coom back," pleaded Alty. "Mester Fazackerly 'ull tell yo' as I'm no thief. He said he'd give me a character if ever I wanted one. Mester Fazackerly 'ull tell yo' I'm no thief," she repeated almost joyfully.

Colonel Royton, after a moment's pause, retraced his steps unwillingly, John's long strides catching him up, and bringing him first to the door of the bungalow, round which the ladies had gathered. Dennis remained behind them just within the entrance, keeping himself as much out of sight as possible.

"Now then," said John sternly, "what's this?"

"Don't let them give me to the police," said Alty sobbing. She took hold of Fazackerly's hand as a child might have done.

"To my mind the delay is futile," said Colonel Royton irritably. "But if you are any friend of this girl's, you have perhaps some influence with her.

Make her tell the truth—it's the only thing which can save her from further proceedings."

"I've never knowed her tell nought else," said John stolidly.

"She's been simply caught red-handed," pursued the Colonel. "Yesterday she was found by a trustworthy person—an old family servant, in fact—hunting among my son's things when the house was supposed to be empty. To-day a valuable watch is missed—the girl is again discovered here, her presence being unknown to everybody—unknown to my son—and afraid no doubt of being searched, she takes the trinket from her own person, and endeavors to drop it back into a drawer."

"How's this, Alty?" said John, but his tone was infinitely gentle.

"Eh, I can't tell ye, Mester Fazackerly," sobbed she, "but ye know I didn't steal it."

"He give it you maybe?" suggested John.

Alty shook her head, and a chorus of other voices endorsed her denial, Mrs. Royton's coming last:

"Of course he didn't—she admitted he didn't. Oh, dear, can we not end this painful scene?"

"I'll end it," said John grimly. "Coom out, you in theer!"

"How vurry oddly he talks," said Œnone in her cooing tones. "Do come out, Mr. Royton, and make him go on."

Dennis came to the door, and stood facing John with what courage he possessed. He was very white.

"Now then," said John, "'tis for you to speak."

"No, Mester Fazackerly," said Alty in a quick whisper. "I don't want that. I only want ye to say as ye know me, an' I'm—I'm—honest."

"I'll say that fast enough," said John. He raised his voice, and observed in trumpet-like tones: "She *is* honest—all roads."

His challenging glance crossed that of Dennis, and he inquired sternly: "Even yo'll not deny that?"

"Of course I don't," said Dennis hastily. "I'm sure—indeed I know—of course I know that she is honest."

"Pish—nonsense," grunted the Colonel. "Then how did my son's bracelet come on her arm, pray?"

"Because he put it there," said John. "Let him deny that!"

"But even the girl *herself* said he never gave her the watch." Mrs. Royton's refrain was now uttered in a whine. "I really think, Geoffrey dear, it would be so much better if we all went away, now."

"Nay," said John. "Nobry stirs till this business is settled. Coom, will ye deny ye put it on the lass's arm? Coom! Now then. Ye've worn King's uniform—eh, mon, I know ye though ye didn't look for't. I knowed ye this mornin' though ye didn't look for't. Now then, are ye goin' to tell a lie—uniform an' all—or will ye try an' be a man for once?"

Dennis flushed deeply, and caught his breath, then he looked round with a faint smile.

"You see, Father," he observed, in a rather unsteady voice, "I always told you that your whim of putting me in the Territorials would be the undoing of me. I can't go back on that confounded old khaki uniform now, it seems. Farmer Fazackerly's right. That girl is as good a girl as ever lived. I've been playing the fool with her a bit, and I—lent her the watch."

"Coom," said John, rolling his head with his most truculent air, "that won't do, yoong gentleman, that's not enough. Playing the fool—what's the meanin' o' that?"

"Yes, you damned young rascal—you'll have to explain yourself!" roared Colonel Royton. "Of all the shameless—that is the worst part of the whole business."

"Oh, my dear, don't you think it's a pity to make Dennis say too much—before Miss Spring too?" faltered Mrs. Royton, laying her hand on his arm; but he shook her off.

"I'll have the thing cleared up, I say! The girl's evidently been bribed to hold her tongue, but Dennis must find his."

"Bribed! Oh, I say, Father—come!" cried Dennis, and it must be said in his favor that he had the grace to blush.

John made such a hasty step forward that the old man fell back.

"If ye go droppin' hints o' that mak'," growled he, with a jerk of the head, "soombry 'ull pay for it."

"What, you ruffian," roared the Colonel, too much incensed to be prudent, "you'd attack me, would you? A man old enough to be your father—a *gentleman!*"

"Naw," rejoined John. "If I thrash anybody it 'ull be yo'r son. He's yoong enough, and I'm beginning to think he's no gentleman."

Once again Dennis's ingenuous cheek was flushed with shame.

"That's a bit rough on me," he said, "but I suppose I deserve it. Œnone, you shall know the truth, and then I'll throw myself upon your mercy. I came across Alty when I was in camp here. I was bored to death with this place—there wasn't a creature fit to speak to——"

"We'll take all that for granted," said Miss Œnone, in her soft tones. "You fell in love with Alty, if that's her name, and you lent her the watch that was to remind you to think of me every hour—you calculated it would come in useful in reminding her to think of you, I guess?"

Dennis nodded.

"I hadn't seen you," he repeated, accompanying the plea with a tender glance of his dark eyes. "And your photograph doesn't do you justice."

"Come, come," said Colonel Royton, with a sudden resumption of good-humor, "we mustn't be too hard on the young dog; now that he has seen you, he's the first to own his folly."

"I want to know," said Miss Œnone, with gentle deliberation, "why the girl didn't give you away. I'm coorious to know why she don't speak now."

Indeed, Alty was standing like a statue; her face white under its tan, her arms hanging limply by her sides.

"It's for you to speak," said John fiercely to Dennis. "Ye've shamed her before all these folks. Stand up for her now."

"Well then, I will," cried Dennis desperately. "If she doesn't speak it's because I made her promise to keep the thing secret. I—well, just at first there wasn't much in it, you see—we were just amusing ourselves—playing about. I didn't mean anything to come of it."

"A foonny mak' o' play," commented John, "carrying on wi' an innocent lass as didn't know better nor to believe you."

"Oh, hang it!" retorted Dennis, "I know I've been a cad, but I haven't hurt her innocence."

"And did the thing, as you call it, become serious in the end?" inquired Œnone, with her head on one side. "I'm interested to know that."

"Oh," groaned the lad. "I see I'd better make a clean breast of it. It's an awkward sort of thing to say, but I was rather annoyed at the idea of—of—settling down so soon—and—and—as I keep reminding you, Œnone, I hadn't seen you, and I wasn't sure how I should like you, and—and I was taken with Alty, you know, and all at once the idea came to me that it would be rather a lark if she and I made a runaway match of it."

There was a murmur of consternation among his audience, dominated by John's remark:

"'Twas along o' that, I reckon, as the lass took a bundle wi' her this mornin'."

Œnone's color rose, but she laughed, maintaining her assumption of composure.

"And why didn't you carry out your plan?" she remarked.

"Why, indeed," returned Dennis quickly, "because, when I was waiting at the rendezvous, a motor chanced to draw up at the telegraph-office opposite, with a certain fair lady inside. Bad as your photograph was, I recognized you from it—and from that moment——"

"Here," interrupted John. "Coom, we'n had enough o' this. Coom, Alty—let's be off—leave yon wastrel to mak' out ony tale he fancies; thou knows as 'twas me as put a spoke in's wheel, and I thank the Lord I did it. Coom, let's be steppin'."

Drawing her hand through his arm, he led her away, leaving Dennis, unhampered by his presence, to embroider the flimsy web of excuse with which he sought to cloak a course of action that, even in the partial eyes of the little assembly in the bungalow, must have seemed dubious.

They walked in silence until they found themselves in a hollow of the dunes, which might have been a hundred miles from a human habitation: only the murmur of the waves upon the unseen beach, and the cry of a distant curlew, broke the stillness.

"I coom up just in time seemin'ly," remarked John in a matter-of-fact tone, as he halted and dropped Alty's arm.

"Aye," agreed Alty; she was panting a little.

"Shall we sit down till yo' fetch your breath, lass?" he inquired kindly.

Alty made no verbal response, but she sank down on a thymy bank, starred here and there with the deeper pink of blossoming centaury.

John produced his pipe, filled it, and smoked in silence.

"I ought to be gettin' back to my work," observed the girl, after a pause, in a voice which was tremulous in spite of a strenuous effort to appear unconcerned.

"Nay; no hurry," rejoined he. "Ye met as well tak' the whole day off now."

"I reckon ye think 'twas ill-done o' me to ha' took French leave same as I did," said Alty, picking one of the pink blossoms and holding it before unseeing eyes.

"I wer' a bit surprised when ye didn't coom up arter dinner," returned John, after a meditative puff or two; "I stepped down to yo'r place to see what was up, and when I didn't find ye I knowed."

"'Twas ill-done o' me to come," repeated the girl in a dull voice, "but I couldn't help it—I—I wanted to know—I—I wanted to see the yoong gentleman up yonder—I thought he'd be angry——"

"Ah," said John sympathetically.

"But ye know," resumed Alty, after a pause, "he were tellin' truth when he towd yon yoong lady as first seet of her had changed everything. That were true. When I coom up I couldn't mak' it out—why he were changed—I reckon that was why."

Her voice quavered, and John smoked for a minute or two without looking at her; then he said in a soothing tone:

"If it 'ud do ye ony good to cry, my wench, don't mind me."

"Nay, Mr. Fazackerly," returned Alty, throwing back her head, "I'll noan cry. No use cryin' o'er spilt milk."

John turned towards her with a smile.

"Reet, lass," he said approvingly.

"I've learnt summat," said Alty.

John noted how, in spite of the brave

tone and the resolute forcing back of the tears which were near at hand, she could not quite control the quivering of her lip; his eyes became sympathetically troubled.

"Eh," he murmured under his breath, "if it hadn't ha' been for all they women folk, I'd ha' given yon yoong scamp a proper leathering."

"I'm as bad as him," returned she gloomily. "I wish—eh, I do wish as I'd never clapped een on him!"

Tears suddenly leaped forth and ran down her cheeks, and she turned away her head to hide them. John tactfully averted his eyes, and put his pipe back into his mouth.

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly," she murmured, "I—I doubt ye think—eh, I doubt ye cannot think so very well o' me in yo'r heart."

John slowly wheeled and looked at her, but Alty, who sat covering her eyes with her hands, did not interpret the meaning of his glance.

"I never knowed ye see'd Mester Royton in Liverpool," she observed presently, in a muffled tone.

"Ah, I see'd him right enough," growled John.

"Yo' never said nought," remarked she.

"Nay," returned John stolidly.

"Don't yo' want to ax me a few questions," she went on; "don't yo' want to know how it all fell out?"

"Nay," said John again. "I'll not ax yo' no questions, lass—I niver was one for mich talk."

Silence reigned unbroken for a moment, and then Alty said:

"I'll be goin' home to Grandma now, Mester Fazackerly."

John made no further effort to detain her, but sat watching her, until her tall figure disappeared among the dunes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Orrell, looking up from her knitting with a scandalized air as Alty entered. "This is a pretty to-do. I'm sure I don't know whatever I'm to think o' yo', lass, or whatever they'll think o' yo' up at Fazackerly's. The gaffer himself coom down here to look arter yo'. Whatever was yo' doin' trapsing off by yo'rsel' wi'out a word to nobory?"

Alty sat down suddenly in her grandfather's elbow chair, the sense of guilt, which had been kept at bay by her late companion's reassuring words, again overwhelmed her.

"Eh, Grandma, I doubt I've been a bad girl," she exclaimed brokenly. "I've been awful deceitful. I've been—downright wicked!"

Mrs. Orrell sat for a moment staring at her with horrified eyes.

"Whatever art thou sayin' there?" she exclaimed at last. "Mind what thou'rt about, Alty—don't go for to tell me tales o' that kind."

Alty raised her blue eyes drowned in tears:

"I must tell the truth at last," she sobbed. "I didn't like to tell ye nought along o' bein' afeared of upsettin' ye—but I can't keep it back no more. I've been carryin' on summat dreadful wi' that Territorial gentleman as we do the washin' for. I've been meetin' him regular and lettin' him court me——"

"Wi'out a word to nobory," gasped the old woman.

"Mester Fazackerly knowed," exclaimed Alty tearfully. "He made me promise to give over meetin' him mornin's or evenin's when there was sech a few folks about—so that's why I made an excuse about the washin'. Eh, dear, Grandma, the washin' was only an excuse, he didn't want them handkerchiefs—and he's dozens and dozens of clean shirts!"

"Fazackerly knowed, ye say," stammered Mrs. Orrell, in a mystified tone, paying, it would seem, more attention to this unexpected announcement than to the revelation of Alty's wrongdoing.

"And that's not all," pursued the girl, intent on completing her avowal. "Him and me had it made up to run away and get married in Liverpool this mornin' and go off for our weddin' trip to the Isle of Man."

"To the Isle of Man!" ejaculated Mrs. Orrell, gazing in a bewildered fashion at Alty. "Well, upon my word! The Isle of Man indeed—and niver a word to them as brought ye up. The young gentleman wanted to marry ye, ye say? I niver heard sich a tale in my life! Yo' were a proper pair o' noddies. Yo' couldn't get married that way, wi'out no banns bein' give out nor nothin'."

"It would ha' been at the registry office," faltered the girl. "I didn't understand that, or o' course I'd niver ha' give in to it, but anyway, I didn't get the chance o' gettin' married noway, for Mester Fazackerly come into Liverpool wi' me, and stuck so close to me I couldn't get away to join Mester Royton. Wouldn't let me out o' his sight, he wouldn't. I got tired o' hangin' about in the end and come back wi' him.

A sour smile overspread Mrs. Orrell's face, and she nodded approvingly.

"John Fazackerly showed his sense," she rejoined; then she grew gray, even gloomy: "'Twas very ill-done o' ye, Alty, I couldn't ha' believed it, and Grandfeyther 'ud never ha' believed it—him as was always sayin' what a good lass ye was—to think o' ye bein' that artful—and that wicked—takin' up wi' the first yoong spark as was to be met i' the road. Ye'll ha' to give him up now, though—he'll have to take soom other yoong lady to the Isle o' Man, if he can get ony decent mak' o' lass to agree to get married in that heathen way. Ye'll not stir out o' that chair, Alty, till ye promise to give this yoong chap up."

"There's no need for no promises," rejoined Alty, in a shame-faced way. "He've given me up."

For some reason or other Mrs. Orrell, instead of being propitiated by this meek avowal, was much incensed.

"I wonder ye can look me in the face," she exclaimed indignantly. "Eh, deary me, to think o' our Harry's wench comin' to this—to be took up and tossed away by the first whippersnapper as chances to fancy her. Eh, Alty! and yo' not eighteen year old, and as well brought up as ye've been—why, ye might ha' looked as high as anyone. He must ha' made very little o' ye to think he could treat ye that road."

"I doubt he did think little o' me," sobbed Alty, and her tears flowed afresh. "His own sweetheart come to look arter him—he hadn't seen her afore—and she was that bonny he had no eyes for me, at arter the first look at her."

Mrs. Orrell drew herself back in her chair.

"My word!" she exclaimed, "I can't make head or tail o' this! He wants to marry ye, and he has a sweetheart of his own as he's niver seen, and she comes to look arter him, and John Fazackerly brings ye home. Do ye expect me to believe sich a rigmarole as that, lass?"

"It's every word true," insisted Alty.

Mrs. Orrell meditated, gazing keenly at her grand-daughter the while.

"Have ye told me all the truth, though?" she said at last. "Are ye keepin' nothin' back from me? Is there somethin' worse behind?"

"Eh, Grandma, there's summat awful behind," faltered Alty. "I scarce know how to tell ye. Them folk as come, Mester Royton's father and mother and his sweetheart and all—they found me up yon, and they thought me a bad wench, and there was a watch he lent me so as I'd know

the time to come and meet him, and they found me wi' that, and they thought I'd stole it."

"*What!*" ejaculated her grandmother.

"Ah, they did, and the old gentleman was for sending for a policeman, only Mester Fazackerly come up and got me off."

"Well," gasped the other, still staring aghast. "I never though to live to see this day. That my grand-daughter should be took for a thief. Eh, Alty!"

"They don't think it now," faltered the girl quickly. "Mester Royton told them about his lendin' it to me—he didn't like to say it before along o' his sweetheart bein' there, I suppose, but he coom out wi' it at last—eh, Grandma, don't look at me like that, I can't abear it! I'm sure I'm punished enough. Mester Fazackerly 'ull tell ye all about it if ye ax him. He took my part—He didn't think so bad o' me, he says."

"Well, I think bad o' ye then," said Mrs. Orrell sternly. "But it's no use cryin' o'er spilt milk. Take off your hat and coom to your tay."

When tea had been partaken of and the crockery washed up she retired to her own room, from whence she presently emerged bonneted and cloaked, and carrying the umbrella without which she never left the house whatever the weather chanced to be.

"Goin' out?" inquired Alty, looking up from the bowl of chicken food which she was in the act of scalding, and standing with the kettle poised in her hand at a somewhat dangerous angle. "Where on earth are ye for, Grandma?"

"Never ye mind," said Mrs. Orrell sternly. "You stay here. When ye've finished your jobs out o' doors ye can sit down and do a bit o' mendin'."

Alty made no answer, but stood peering between the geranium pots through the little window, and watching the tall resolute old figure till it was out of sight.

"She's gone up yon," she said to herself as she turned away; "she's gone to ax Mester Fazackerly all about it. Well, he'll make the best o' me."

Nevertheless, she felt uncomfortable, and anxious, as she returned to the scalding of her meal.

When Mrs. Orrell arrived at the farm, she found John Fazackerly standing in the middle of his yard conversing with the postman, who appeared to have alighted from his bicycle on purpose. John's usually impassive face was flushed and his manner more excited than usual; as Mrs. Orrell crossed the yard he turned away from his interlocutor with an abrupt gesture of dismissal.

"You keep your mouth shut, Luke," said John sternly, "that's all as you've got to do."

"Theer's a many to talk besides me," rejoined the other sulkily. "'Tis all over country by now."

Here John, catching sight of his advancing visitor, made a quick warning movement with his hand, but the other, whose back was toward the old woman, continued querulously:

"I thought it but friendly to drop ye a hint, knowing the wench was in your sarvice."

"That'll do," said John. "I'm not one as cares to hear gossip about nobody. Now I think it 'ud better become a man o' your years, Luke Almond, to mind your own business and not to be spreading tittle-tattle. I was theer, I tell ye, so I know what happened. Ye can say that, if ye like, next time the tale comes to those long ears of yours. Good evenin', Mrs. Orrell."

The postman, turning with a startled look, nodded to the old woman, then mounted his bicycle and rode away.

"Well, and how are you, Mrs. Orrell?" inquired John.

"Yon chap were talkin' about our Alty?" remarked Mrs. Orrell, planting the point of her umbrella firmly between the cobblestones, and fixing a challenging look on the farmer.

John met it steadily:

"So ye heerd," he rejoined.

"Whe, I heerd summat," answered the old woman. "The lass couldn't keep it back no more. She out wi' the tale the minute she come in, but I couldn't make much o' it."

John took his pipe from his pocket, examined it with great interest, and slowly polished the bowl with the palm of his hand.

"She said as yo' could tell me all about it," pursued she.

"If I was you," said John, "I'd let it drop. That's what I'd do. I'd let it drop. 'Twas but a bit o' foolishness and no harm done. The less talk the better."

"But Luke Almond had summat to say about it, hadn't he," persisted Mrs. Orrell. "I heerd him as I were comin' up sayin' he thought he ought to give ye a hint as the wench was in your sarvice."

"There's three wenches in our sarvice," returned he.

Mrs. Orrell drew a long breath.

"John Fazackerly," she said. "I've knowed ye since ye was born.—'Twas me as was the first to hold ye in my arms. 'Twas me as washed ye and done all for ye as soon as ye come into the world."

She paused impressively.

"Well?" said John, but he looked uncomfortable.

"Well?" said Mrs. Orrell, with an authoritative jerk of the head. "Coom! Out wi' it."

John, moved by what for some reason or other he felt to be a cogent strain of reasoning, came to the point accordingly.

"Well, then," he said, "it *was* Alty. I'm a bit bothered about her, and that's the truth, Mrs. Orrell. I'm afraid, do what we will, there'll be a deal o' talk over this 'ere business. Yon yoong chap as was carryin' on wi' her—ye know?"

Mrs. Orrell nodded.

"Well, his father," resumed John, "an army man, too, and a mad man I should judge, coom down here to look arter him and brought a party o' fine folks wi' him. And at arter I took Alty away they all went down to the hotel for tea. They had one o' them there motor-cars wi' them, and the chap as worked it went straight into the bar, and there was a good few folks there——"

He broke off. Mrs. Orrell's pale face grew a shade paler, and she clacked her tongue.

"I doubt the tale 'ull be in everyone's mouth," she said. "Eh, whatever coom to our Alty I can't think! To go and throw away her good name same as that, all in a minute."

"Coom," said John, rolling his head in a protesting way. "Throw away her good name! That's a bit strong."

"Well, what can anybody think?" resumed Mrs. Orrell. "They'll reckon her a thief—and maybe worse. Eh, dear o' me! An' Orrells has always kept their heads so high, and my family, too, and to ha' folks all o'er the country tattlin' about her!"

John, who had been stroking his beard meditatively, now shot out his hand with an arresting gesture:

"I've been thinkin' o' summat," he said. "I'm comin' to it in a minute, but ye mun give me time to get it shaped right in my head first."

Mrs. Orrell hastily pocketed the handkerchief with which she had been wiping her eyes, and stood expectantly, her gaze glued on the farmer's face, which, for a man engaged in solving a neighbor's difficulty from purely altruistic motives, wore an oddly agitated expression.

He turned a little aside as though unwilling to subject himself to so intent a scrutiny, and the old woman, taking the hint, directed her gaze towards the point of her umbrella, which she continued to prod into the interstices between the cobblestones.

"It's this way," said Fazackerly at last. "You've heerd the sayin': 'When a child cries for nothin' as it's good to give it summat to cry about.'"

Mrs. Orrell looked up disappointedly.

"Our Alty's a bit old for smacking," she rejoined. "I reckon she's enough to cry about, John."

"Eh, my word, I wasn't meanin' ye to take me up that way. I were just workin' up to my p'int." Here, as he deemed it best to start afresh, he resumed his original argumentative manner: "Well, if it's good to give a cryin' child summat to cry for in earnest, it would be better to give gossipin' folk summat worth talkin' about."

"So it would," agreed Mrs. Orrell eagerly.

"What would ye say to a weddin' now?" inquired John, his very ears turning deep red.

"That 'ud depend whose weddin' it was," rejoined the other, with due caution.

John cleared his throat and came straight to the point.

"Well, I were thinkin' if Alty 'ud have me, ye know. 'Tis a thing as I've had in my mind some time, but I reckoned she met think me a bit too old. And then, when she took up wi' t'other I made up my mind to drop it. But now, as all that's at an end, there's nought I'd like better. But I were thinkin' o' keepin' it quiet for a bit, and not seemin' to be takin' advantage of her bein' upset and that."

He paused.

"And I'm sure it was very kindly thought of," said Mrs. Orrell. "But, ye see, Mester Fazackerly, it 'ud make all the difference as to what folks was talkin' about if ye was to come forrard now."

"Ah, that's it," said John, and rubbed his chin again.

"So ye might as well coom back wi' me now, and put it to the lass straight off," suggested the old lady, who was certainly not disposed to let grass grow under her feet.

John gazed at her, the color ever deepening in his face, till it assumed a positively beet-like hue.

"I'm not mich hand at talkin'," he said after a pause; "if I was to get agate o' tryin' to explain to her all as I've been explainin' to you I shouldn't make no hand o' it. I reckon ye'd best step down first, and tell her how things has fell out—'tis but fair to let her know, but I'll not have her forced nohow. I'd sooner let her face the thing out, nor that. I'm ready to stand up for her, anyway."

"That wouldn't shut folks' mouths," retorted Mrs. Orrell. "There is but one thing as'll do that. Well, don't be too long, John. I seem as if I couldn't rest wi'out it's settled."

She went out of the gate, and John, after pausing for a moment, betook himself indoors, going straight upstairs to his own room. Here, after a further interval of reflection, he performed a somewhat elaborate toilet.

"If I'm to go a-courtin' I'd best do it in proper style," he said to himself. "Besides, it 'ull be easier to come to the p'int if I'm all ready to start straight off."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MODERN BALL-ROOM.

Although dancing, as one of the arts attached to polite society, has a history dating from the times when society could first justly be called polite at all, it has less tradition behind it than any other accomplishment. This is no doubt partly because it has ceased to be attached as of right to polite society and partly because polite society itself does not at present set any great store by tradition. It is not now a necessary detail of a gentleman's education that he should learn to carry himself with dignity and grace any more than he should learn the use of the small sword or make the Grand Tour. We have replaced deportment by physical strength, the duel by more primitive methods of self-defence, and the results of the Grand Tour by the prestige attaching to the degree of Bachelor of Arts at one or other of the older Universities. In order to keep pace with this radical change tradition, too, has altered its style and garment. Like the rest of our institutions, it has passed under the control of the Public School and University clique, which, because it can produce a type of man very serviceable in frontier scuffles and provincial administration, has been accepted as the pontifical source of manners as well.

It would be idle to deny that the new authority has done much for those whom it has trained; but it would be equally idle to give it credit for any but the most unhappy results in the ball-room. Some ten years ago, when athletics were at their highest popularity and the affectation of a brutal clumsiness was considered rather elegant, dancing fell into a very grave decline. The aspect of the average ball-room of those days, its floor romped over by bruised and flustered hobbledehoys and strewn with shoe-buckles, hair-pins, and fragments of ladies' dresses, is now no more than a painful memory slowly being obliterated by the renascence at present predominant. To be sure, the reaction did not get so far as a revival of the fine style associated with the minuet and the gavotte, which would exact a complete reconstruction of society before they would consent to return to it. It is, indeed, more than a merely arguable proposition that the new method has done nothing but replace one vice by another just as bad. Nevertheless, even granting the truth of the accusation, there is still a possible distinction to be drawn in favor of the moderns by the consideration that, while the faults of the great decline arose from a contempt for dancing itself, those of the revival are due to an over-zealous and misdirected desire to improve it.

The enthusiasm has been growing ever since the *Valse Boston*—or, in plain English, the Boston—suddenly took the attention of the more fashionable people. In itself, the arrival of the Boston was somewhat of an historic event, since it introduced for the first time a rhythmic measure into ordinary ball-room dancing. It is danced, as the saying is, "against the music," so that there is no coincidence between the *ictus* of the musical bar and that of the step: the unit of the Waltz is a tribrach, ⏑ ⏑ ⏑, that of the Boston an amphibrach, ⏑ — ⏑, and the two can only be reconciled by grouping together in the mind several bars into a rhythmic sequence. It requires some nicety of ear to catch the ebb and flow of rhythm, and it must be admitted that the majority of those who ensued the new dance most keenly were not entirely aware of the æsthetic value of their movements. Moreover, the athletic tradition survived and still

survives to render common a good deal of the violence of the earlier period.

A dance which has introduced a rather recondite principle of music, although in a primitive form, to the presumably frivolous ball-room public deserves some attention. But it must not be granted all that the enthusiasts claim for it. It is still only the most fashionable dance, and not at all the most popular. It is paramount at the big dances in London, where the Waltz is fighting for its life; but wherever the old style preserved most of its dignity, there also the new made least headway. If a suffrage were taken throughout England, the Waltz would be placed first, for by the general public the Boston is still regarded as an impertinent innovation danced only by those who wish to show that they have been to town and learned the latest metropolitan extravagance.

Extravagance is, in fact, the only word to express the droll attitudes and fantastic gestures which are now in fashion. The questionable taste of such performances has brought them into public odium, which, ignoring distinctions, has set its face against the dances themselves, whereas it is the dancers who are to be reproved. There is, for example, an inoffensive form even of the Tango which is a pretty measure when danced by a Spaniard equipped with a temperamental sympathy for the music and a national habit of graceful and lazy movement; when danced by English people who have neither, but attempt to supply the defect by an incompetent imitation of stage methods—themselves far from perfect models—it merits all the evil spoken of it.

It seems that we are not a nation gifted with a natural taste for dancing, unless it be of the style of the country-dance or morris-dance, neither of which are social accomplishments in the polite sense. There has been good dancing in England. Under the tuition of French and Italian teachers we once mastered the art by copying those who possessed it by birthright, and so long as tradition held good, so long we did not entirely disgrace ourselves. But tradition, at least that tradition, has gone, and there is no proper substitute for it. The rules hammered out in the rough-and-tumble of Public School and University life are defective on the point and do not permit the intervention of better authorities. Parents see that they will only be tolerated by their children if they give them their head, and therefore do so, though not without a certain uneasiness which is being justified by the event. The younger generation is not capable of looking after itself. Had it been so capable, the dance clubs which sprang up round the new movement—for, since 1789, no revolution is complete without its clubs—would have set themselves to correct the faults which debased it. On the contrary, they have merely submitted to the impudence of their own members and instead of checking extravagance do all in their power to perpetuate the abuse.

Nevertheless it might have happened that by being thrown together oftener Phyllis and Corydon would have worn away much of that boorishness which is the familiar sign of timidity in the presence of the opposite sex—shyness covering its confusion by shouting at the top of its voice. Yet here, too, the renascence has failed to do any good. One of its emancipating canons permits the invention of steps by any one who has the ingenuity to think of them, and in consequence there has been a great multiplication of styles. It is held a less noble thing to dance the correct measure well than to dance a private variation of it badly, and so there are innumerable "dance-friendships" formed between persons who happen to be acquainted with each

other's idiosyncrasies. It is a mistake to call a subscription dance—and most dances now are subscription dances—a social function. It is an entertainment at which two friends, or perhaps a small group, may spend the evening dancing together; to which a hostess who shrinks from the labor of large receptions may invite guests by simply purchasing tickets for them, as she gives a dinner-party at a restaurant to avoid offending her domestic servants. It is not to be hoped that those who attend such gatherings will learn the art of addressing themselves to strange company. If by chance they are forced to meet an unknown, their manners are as awkward as their conversation is insipid; they wrap themselves in that national reserve with which it is customary to mask the deficiency of spirit and, as soon as the weary business is over, fly back to the company of those towards whom they can behave with the easy familiarity of old-crony-ship.

The senior generation does not express any definite opinion upon this Arcadian felicity. They put their trust in the safety of numbers, and are generally prepared to dispense with the supervision of a chaperone or at most select a member of the party who has recently become entitled to call herself a matron and delegate the duties of the post to her. Those duties are purely formal, and her authority, by a kind of legal fiction, is often made to extend over persons whom she hardly knows by sight. All parties concerned are so keen in the pursuit of their own pleasure that after the hasty and inconsequent introduction they probably do not see each other again till they meet in the vestibule for an equally hasty and inconsequent farewell.

On the whole, the renascence of dancing, in spite of the promise of its enthusiasm, has turned out a disappointing business. It has suffered both from the minority who dance too often and the majority who dance too seldom. The minority become devoted to their clubs, which give them a false sense of solidarity when they break out into extravagances; the majority, as always, is scattered and for that reason incapable of establishing its saner ideals. There is a very sound public opinion in the ball-room, but it is always in fragments. The mastership of the ceremonies is never in democratic hands: the hosts are a powerful oligarchy, the guests isolated and insecure. And perhaps, for reasons already given, even if the majority held the power they would make no very good use of it. Modern society does not seem to know where to look for its aristocracy, and, since from its very nature it must recognize some kind of sovereignty, ends by acknowledging any group of persons who lay claim to it with sufficient uproar. No doubt the pretenders will fall in due time, for even the most sheepish middle class will rebel against a caste arising from its own ranks and demonstrating its authority, not by superior manners, but by absurdities invented *pour épater les bourgeois*. In the meantime, dancing falls into vulgarity and decadence.

Nor is there any hope that, although changes are numerous, and every year brings its puny revolt, any great improvement will take place either in the constitution of society or in its dancing until some very strong revulsion takes place. The truth is that dancing cannot last if once it is divorced from dignity, that dignity which we have forgotten, but which still belongs to Zulus and Arabs. Indeed, the feelings of a Baggara sheikh who should see a modern English ball-room would provide interesting material for the student of comparative ethnic psychology. Even morris-dancing, as performed according to the best archæo-

logical records by University professors dressed in cricketing flannels and decked out with fantastic colored ribands, were better than such wild things as the "One-step." Yet in the ball-room no less than on the village green the best way of moving forward is to go back. It is not necessary to change the measures so much as the methods of dancing them. And to do that it will be imperative to look for models to some other group than that which has now taken the lead, and to remember that the heads of society have the duty of guiding public opinion as well as the privilege of disregarding it.

A Dancing Man.

The British Review.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

The great multiplication in recent years of the number of books annually published, the extraordinary increase in the number of newspapers that deal critically in some way or another with those books and the almost sudden appearance of a vast reading public that either by purchase or through the medium of the public libraries select books both for study and for casual reading, make it more necessary than ever that true critical principles should be applied to the works that pour from the press. It is not only that the reading public has increased; the writing public, including not only the authors of books but critics of books, have also increased. We have to-day an army of authors and a regiment of critics who supply and check the supply of literature to the hungry hordes of readers throughout English-speaking lands. To what extent the voice of the critic regulates literary supply we do not pretend to know; but while it appears that among a certain cultured class the critical sense is very acute and a reasoned warning is gratefully received, yet it is more than probable that certain authors secure their market in the very teeth of, and, perhaps, almost because of adverse criticism. This undoubtedly has been the case of certain novelists who achieved great circulations despite impossible plots, extraordinary ignorance, slovenly writing, and a purely conventional and artificial outlook. In the past this has been true of poetry, and to-day it is also true, in some considerable measure, of popular theology. The reason of this is not far to seek. There is a vast public that are almost uneducated so far as literature is concerned, but who, nevertheless, are able to read. Their case is like that of young children in the matter of physical food. They will eat anything that flatters their senses or assuages their hunger. The mere act of reading, like the mere act of eating, is in itself a satisfaction. Neither class is afraid of indigestion, and in fact rarely suffers from it. What the child demands is something that stimulates the salivary glands; what the uneducated reader demands is something that stimulates the emotional or sentimental feelings that correspond to those glands in the intellectual self. Now the writer who can supply in fullest measure these honest stimuli and can appeal in the crudest fashion to that general sense of justice, retribution, and ultimate happiness which is intuitive in the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and can at the same time add a certain glamour or mystic note to a plain tale is bound to capture his or her audience. The success of certain melodramas and certain novels is only explicable on these grounds. The authors are confessedly not writing for educated peo-

ple. Their methods are clumsy, inefficient, unreal, but nevertheless, like the poorest conjurer at the village fair, they deceive all the time. The illusion is maintained; the readers or audience are carried out of themselves into another world, a stilted, unreal, and absurd world, but nevertheless another world, and one that is capable of deceiving them with wide success; a standard of relatively high, often impossibly high, morality is reached and Art, once again in her lowest realm, has demonstrated her power to conquer Nature. Far be it from us to sneer at or belittle these miracles! These achievements are part of the history of art, and stand in line with the vivid drama of savage races, the story-telling of early peoples, the miracle and moral play, the folk tales and so forth. Given an illiterate or a semiliterate audience then their demand for illusion that will satisfy their moral natures, at the expense may be of truth, reality, and spirituality, will be satisfied by some professor or other of the art of legerdemain.

But it is here that the function of the critic comes in. It is for him to preach in and out of season the education of the people and to lay down certain principles that will give to those who are growing literate a power of choice in literature. It must be remembered that criticism is no new thing. Each literary age is apt to think that it invented the science of criticism. But Mr. Matthew Arnold and his forerunner, Sainte Beuve, were neither the first of critics nor will they be the last. Criticism is the everlasting bonfire that from age to age destroys with cheery glow the transient literature of the world. The real literature of each age has come through the heat untarnished and cleansed. The rest has been destroyed thoroughly and for ever. The efforts of libraries to preserve the veritable texts of dead books lead merely to the preservation of mummies whose shape and clothing indicate the manners of a dead age. The vitality of such books, if they ever had any, has been destroyed by the cleansing flames of conscious or unconscious criticism. Where is the bulk of literature, vast we dare not doubt, of which the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are almost the solitary survivors? In the case of the literature of ages when men committed sagas to memory and the preservation of a text depended on the accurate handing down of the text from mind to mind through many generations, in the case of such literature we have conscious criticism of the most intense kind. Work that did not reply to the mental and spiritual demands of the most acute minds of successive generations was destroyed effectively by the definite refusal to commit to memory unreal and dead products of thought. In the case of the enormously voluminous mystical literature of the Middle Ages we see a parallel instance. It died with extraordinary rapidity. The criticism of minds that were above all things alive to spiritual realities destroyed as with fire mystical books that did not shine with the sunlight of love and hope. So to-day the *de Imitatione Christi* stands with one or two other books in solitary splendor, the relics that criticism has left untouched out of an almost endless library of manuscripts. The same process we see at work in our midst to-day. It is a melancholy and yet a wholesome thing to wander through one of the vast libraries of England and to see the miles, so it seems, of shelves that shelter the dead novelists and poets of the last century. There they are, reduced to their only reality, the reality of paper, ink, and binding. It is the critical spirit of the public, not of the reviewers, that has cast the useless souls of those books into Gehenna. A nation may be deceived in literature

as in politics, but not for very long.

These reflections implicitly contain the true principles of literary criticism. The tireless destruction of manuscripts and books and sagas that has gone on since the first mutterings of art has been due to the appreciation, often delayed for a generation, of the truisms that a thing must be alive if it is to live; that to be alive involves an adherence to certain creative principles. To have the outward form of reality is not enough, and therefore a mere conquest of form in literature in no way ensures immortality. The literary creation must touch a note in the human heart, the note that says: "This creation is of my kind. He is alive as much as I am alive; his passions, his hopes, his fears, his temptations are such as mine are; his ideals are such as I would wish mine to be." The first creative principle in literature to be applied as a critical test is that the creation must be so real that the heart of the reader not only acknowledges, but demands kinship.

The second creative principle relates to form. Form is an aspect of reality. Alone it does not give reality, but without it reality cannot exist for us. So in particular classes of literature form goes to the very heart of the literary effort. If the form fails the whole creation fails. This is the reason why some haunting melody becomes, on creation, in an instant and for ever an incorporate part of national life. It has touched the heart of the nation. It has been recognized as real and indispensable through its form. Complex that form may be, or simplicity itself: but simple or complex, it has carried the heart of its creator, as it were, into the heart of every hearer. Therefore the critic must look at form in literature. Form is not enough in itself; but if it is plain that the form is a vehicle for reality, and the only vehicle, then that form is a fundamental fact. The testing of form is the hardest work of the critic. It is not merely a measuring of metres, a balancing of sentences, a detection of art or failure of art. It is the ascertainment of the fact whether the author has used or has not used his special artistic form for the translation of his own personality, alive and real, into his prose or verse. Unless there is such a translation the form, however perfect, however beautiful, is valueless so far as immortality is concerned. It is this fact that makes parody so immensely valuable as a critical force, that makes the pages of *Punch* one of the true critical elements of our time. The parody will show whether the form is essential or non-essential. In all the great writers form is the essential element in the translation of personality. It brings the heart of the author into touch with the heart of the reader. Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare are all alive in the very structure of their work.

A third though lesser critical test is nationality. An author must reveal not only a living creation, must not only make that creation instinct with his own personality, but must also inspire it with his own national life. There is no internationalism in literature, though the interchange of literature is one of the best solvents of national differences. But the latter fact shows that the national test of literature is one of the first moment. It is because the writing of a man or woman carries implicitly in it the life of his or her nation that the carrying of that writing over the national boundary makes for the inter-knowledge of two or more nations. The critic necessarily approaches with prejudice literary work of one nation that purports to come out of the heart of another nation. It is for this reason that translations are so rarely literature; that the Latin secular writings of the Mid-

dle Ages, purely non-national writings, were never literature. It is for this reason, too, that we may welcome from the literary point of view the modern intensification of the sense of nationalism.

To-day, it is the duty of the critic of literature to apply all these tests, even if he also applies others, sternly and closely. It will help to cleanse literature of much rubbish; it will raise literary taste and enlarge the standard of life; and it will help, at a very critical moment in the history of culture when a semi-knowledge of letters has spread through the entire community, to throw open new gates to literature. We are standing on the confines of a new age in creative work, and it is necessary that from the first the soundest critical principles should be applied.

J. E. G. de M.

The Contemporary Review.

THE STORY OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

By Ian Hay.

VII.

The Coroner's Jury were inclined at the time to blame the signalman, but the Board of Trade Inquiry established the fact that the accident was due to the driver's neglect to keep a proper look-out. However, as the driver was dead, and his fireman with him, the Law very leniently took no further action in the matter.

About three o'clock in the morning, as the train was crossing a bleak Yorkshire moor seven miles from Tetley Junction, the Curate suddenly left the seat upon which he lay stretched, dreaming of Eileen, and flew across the compartment on to the recumbent form of a stout commercial traveller. Then he rebounded on to the floor, and woke up—unhurt.

"'Tis a accident, lad!" gasped the commercial traveller, as he got his wind back.

"So it seems," said the Curate. "Hold tight! She's rocking!"

The commercial traveller, who was mechanically groping under the seat for his boots—commercial travellers always remove their boots in third-class railway compartments upon night journeys—followed the Curate's advice, and braced himself with feet against the opposite seat for the coming *bouleversement*.

After the first shock the train had gathered way again—the light engine into which it had charged had been thrown clean off the track,—but only for a moment. Suddenly the reeling engine of the express left the metals and staggered drunkenly along the ballast. A moment later it turned right over, taking the guard's van and the first four coaches with it, and the whole train came to a standstill.

It was a corridor train; and unfortunately for Gerald Gilmore and the commercial traveller, their coach fell over corridor side downwards. There was no door upon the other side of the compartment—only three windows, crossed by a stout brass bar. These windows had suddenly become skylights.

They fought their way out at last. Once he had got the window open the Curate experienced little difficulty in getting through; but the commercial traveller was corpulent and tenacious of his boots, which he held persistently in one hand while Gerald tugged at the other. Still he was hauled up at last,

and the two slid down the perpendicular roof of the coach on to the permanent way.

"That's done, anyway," panted the bagman, and sitting down he began to put on his boots.

"There's plenty more to do," said the Curate grimly, pulling off his coat. "The front of the train is on fire. Come!"

He turned and ran. Almost at his first step he cannoned into a heavy body in rapid motion. It was Excalibur.

"That you, old friend?" observed the Curate. "I was on my way to see about you. Now that you are out, you may as well come and bear a hand."

And the pair sprinted along the line towards the blazing coaches.

It was dawn—gray, weeping, and cheerless—on Tetley Moor. Another engine had come up from behind to take what was left of the train back to the Junction. Seven coaches, including the lordly sleeping-saloon, stood intact; the other four, with the engine and tender, lay where they had fallen—a mass of charred wood and twisted metal. A motor-car belonging to a doctor stood in the roadway a hundred yards off, and its owner, together with a brother of the craft who had been a passenger in the train, were attending to the injured. There were fourteen of these altogether, mostly suffering from burns. These were made as comfortable as possible in the sleeping-berths, which their owners had vacated. Under a tarpaulin by the side of the permanent way lay three figures which would never feel pain again.

"Take your seats, please!" said the surviving guard in a subdued voice. He spoke at the direction of a big man in a heavy overcoat, who appeared to have taken charge of the salvage operations. The passengers clambered up into the train.

Only one delayed. He was a long, lean young man, black from head to foot with soot and oil. His left arm was badly burned, and seeing a doctor disengaged at last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the heavy overcoat approached him.

"My name is Caversham," he said. "I happen to be a director of the Company. If you will give me your name and address, I will see to it that your services to-night are suitably recognized. The way you got those two children out of the first coach was splendid, if I may be allowed to say so. We did not even know they were there."

The young man's teeth suddenly flashed out into a white smile against the blackness of his face.

"Neither did I, sir," he said. "Let me introduce you to the responsible party."

He whistled. Out of the gray dawn loomed an eerie monster, heavily singed, wagging its tail.

"Scally, old man," said the Curate, "this gentleman wants to present you with an illuminated address. Thank him prettily!" Then to the doctor: "I'm ever so much obliged to you; it's quite comfortable now."

He began stiffly to pull on his coat and waistcoat. Lord Caversham, lending a hand, noted the waistcoat, and said quickly:

"Will you travel in my compartment? I should like to have a word with you, if I may."

"I think I had better go and have a look at these poor folk in the sleeper first," replied the Curate. "They may require my services—professionally."

"At the Junction, then, perhaps?" suggested Lord Caversham.

But at the Junction the Curate found a special waiting to proceed north by a loop line; and being in no mind to receive compliments or waste his sub-

stance on a hotel bill, departed forthwith, taking his charred confederate, Excalibur, with him.

VIII.

But Fortune, once she takes a fancy to you, is not readily shaken off, as most successful men are always trying to forget.

A fortnight later Lord Caversham, leaving his hotel in a great northern town—he combined the misfortunes of being both a director of the railway company and a Cabinet Minister, and had spent a harassing fortnight attending inquests and explaining to fervent young counsel why he had not been present upon the footplate of the engine supervising the driver and fireman at the time of the accident—encountered an acquaintance whom he had no difficulty whatever in recognizing.

It was Excalibur, jammed fast between two stationary tram-cars—he had not yet shaken down to town life—submitting to a painful but effective process of extraction at the hands of a *posse* of policemen and tram-conductors, shrilly directed by a small but commanding girl of the lodging-house drudge variety.

When this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion, and the congested traffic moved on by the overheated policemen, Lord Caversham crossed the street and tapped the damsel upon the shoulder.

"Can you kindly inform me where the owner of that dog may be found?" he inquired politely.

"Yass. Se'nty-one Pilgrim Street. But 'e won't sell him."

"Should I be likely to find him at home if I called now?"

"Yass. Bin in bed since the eccident. Got a nasty arm."

"Perhaps you would not mind accompanying me back to Pilgrim Street in my car."

After that Mary Ellen's mind became an incoherent blur. A stately limousine glided up: Mary Ellen was handed in by a footman, and Excalibur was stuffed in after her, in instalments. The grand gentleman entered by the opposite door and sat down beside her; but Mary Ellen was much too dazed to converse with him.

The arrival of the equipage in Pilgrim Street was the greatest moment of Mary Ellen's life. After the grand gentleman had disappeared within the dingy portals of Number Seventy-one in quest of Mr. Gilmore, Mary Ellen and Excalibur remained in the street, chaperoning the chauffeur and footman, and keeping the respectful but inquisitive crowd which promptly gathered round the gleaming car at a proper distance.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the first floor front, the Curate, lying in his uncomfortable flock bed was saying—

"If you really mean it, sir——"

"I do mean it. If those two children had been burned to death unnoticed I should never have forgiven myself, and the public would never have forgiven the Company."

"Well, sir, as you say that, you—well, you *could* do me a service. Could you possibly use your influence to get me a billet—I'm not asking for an incumbency: any old curacy would do—a billet I could marry on?" He flushed scarlet. "I—we have been waiting for a long time now."

There was a long silence, and the Curate wondered if he had been too mercenary in his request. Then Lord Caversham asked—

"What are you getting at present?"

"A hundred and twenty a year."

This was about two-thirds of the salary which Lord Caversham paid his chauffeur. He asked another question, in his curious, abrupt, staccato manner.

"How much do you want?"

"We could make both ends meet on two hundred. But another fifty would enable me to make her a lot more comfortable," said the Curate wistfully. The great man surveyed him silently—wonderingly, too, if the Curate had known. Presently he asked—

"Afraid of hard work?"

"No work is hard to a man with a wife and a home of his own," replied the Curate with simple fervor.

Lord Caversham smiled grimly. He had more homes of his own than he could conveniently live in, and he had been married three times. But even he found work hard now and then.

"I wonder!" he said. "Well, good-afternoon. I should like to be introduced to your *fiancée* one day."

He walked briskly down the stairs and into the street. Mary Ellen, frustrating the footman, darted forward and flung open the door of the car with a magnificent flourish.

Excalibur, mistaking her intention, and anxious to oblige, promptly tried to crawl in.

IX.

A tramp opened the Rectory gate and shambled up the neat gravel walk towards the house. Taking a short cut through the shrubbery he emerged suddenly upon a little lawn.

Upon the lawn a lady was sitting in a basket-chair, beside a perambulator, whose occupant was slumbering peacefully. A small but intensely capable nursemaid, prone upon the grass in a curvilinear attitude, was acting as tunnel to a young gentleman of three who was impersonating a locomotive.

The tramp approached the group and asked huskily for alms. He was a burly and unpleasant specimen of his class—a class all too numerous on the outskirts of the great industrial parish of Smeltingborough.

The lady in the basket-chair looked up.

"The Rector is out," she said. "If you will go into the town you will find him at the Church Hall, and he will investigate your case."

"Oh, the Rector is out, is he?" repeated the tramp, in tones of distinct satisfaction.

"Yes," said Eileen.

The tramp advanced another pace.

"Give us half-a-crown," he said. "I haven't had a bite of food since yesterday, lady. Nor a drink neither," he added humorously.

"Please go away," said the lady. "You know where to find the Rector."

The tramp smiled unpleasantly, but made no attempt to move.

The railway-tunnel rose abruptly to its feet, and remarked with asperity—

"Now then, pop off!"

Even this had no effect. The lady looked up again.

"You refuse to go away?" she said.

"I'll go for half-a-crown," replied the tramp, with the gracious air of one anxious to oblige a lady.

"Watch Baby for a moment, Mary Ellen," said Eileen.

She rose, and disappeared into the house, followed by the gratified smile of the tramp. He was a reasonable man, and knew that ladies did not wear pockets.

"Thirsty weather," he remarked affably.

Mary Ellen, keeping one hand upon the shoulder of Master Gerald Caversham Gilmore and the other upon the edge of the baby's perambulator, merely chuckled sardonically.

Next moment there were footsteps round the corner of the house, and Eileen reappeared. She was clinging with both hands to the collar of an enormous dog. Its tongue lolled from its great jaws, its tail waved menacingly from side to side; its great limbs were bent, as if for a spring. Its eyes were half closed, as if to focus the exact distance.

"Run!" cried Eileen to the tramp. "I can't hold him in much longer."

This was true enough, except that when Eileen said "in" she meant "up."

But the tramp did not linger to discuss prepositions. There was a scurry of feet; the gate banged; and he was gone.

With a sigh of relief Eileen let go of Excalibur's collar. Excalibur promptly collapsed upon the grass and went to sleep again.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MEXICO AND AMERICAN PEACE.

That America will finally drift into a war for the conquest of Mexico seems now pretty certain, and the outstanding facts of that war will be this—that it was not desired either by the best or by the majority of Americans.

Such a fact, I know, is generally taken as proving the inevitability of war, whereas, in reality, it only proves the inability of Americans to govern themselves in a crisis. As the president of a great American university said to me, "War is no more inevitable than a jam tart is inevitable. Both must be made by men."

The truth is that Americans (like Europeans in similar circumstances) have not yet, in the matter of war and peace, become free men, because they have never troubled to assert their freedom. They are the slaves of "circumstances" (as that Huerta, whom the President would not know or recognize, drank too much champagne, and so refused to salute the American flag, thus settling for Americans their destiny in very important matters for the best part of a generation). But their slavery to these outside circumstances is not inevitable. The price of the conquest of circumstances, as of the conquest of Nature, is a definite effort of the mind, a moral determination to understand and face the facts, and to improve and clarify our ideas concerning them. The organized opposition to war has hardly yet arrived at the conception of its mission.

Although it is true that the immense bulk of the American people do not desire war (I base this on observations made during a recent three months' trip—West, South, East, North), the large body of opinion is inert, while the much smaller body which does clamor for war is very far from inert; it is very active.

The whole incident indicates an outstanding defect in a large proportion of popular pacifism. The opposition to war in America, like so much of the opposition to war in Europe, has not got beyond the stage of vague good intention, of feeling, of desire. The individuals who represent this opposition are for the most part incapable of any reasoned and analytical criticism of the proposals for the employment of force made by those who favor war as an instrument of politics. The latter party has, for instance, in the case under discussion, urged that America, being a very great Power and Mexico a very small one, the military problem involved in the annexation of Mexico would be quite simple—a short military campaign, not very costly in life, and resulting in the restoration of order and the cessation of that constant bloodshed which has gone on in Mexico for so many years, and might otherwise go on indefinitely. You will hear, neither in the newspapers nor in private conversation, any of the more obvious objections to this view. I have nowhere, for instance, seen it pointed out that the case of Mexico will not be at all the same as that of Cuba. In

the case of Cuba, America was fighting not against but with the native population, with the simple object of turning out a crumbling foreign Government. In the case of Mexico, on the other hand, America would have to fight against the native population, to effect military occupation of the country, and to assume the administration thereof—a task similar to that of the British in the Transvaal, only, of course, on a much larger scale, since it would involve the subjection of a population not of 100,000, but of 15,000,000, possessing many of the qualities which characterized the Boers—capacity for guerilla warfare, and so forth; and complicated by the fact that when the war was over the Americans would not find a population ready for self-government as the Boer population was ready. On the basis of the comparison furnished by the Transvaal, the United States would be faced by military operations covering a generation. The work of pacification would in any case go on for years, just as French operations in Algeria went on for many years.

Neither have I seen it pointed out that when all this preliminary work was over America might find herself equally compelled to intervene in Nicaragua, Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and in all the Spanish-American Republics right down to the Panama Canal; and that if she were dragged into such action and compelled to take over the administration of some twenty or thirty million Spanish-speaking half-breeds, with a civilization of their own, sufficiently solidified to be impossible of supplanting by Anglo-Saxon institutions—having, that is, their own courts of law, their own Spanish newspapers, schools, ecclesiastical institutions, and so forth—they would, with all these factors, have annexed an Irish problem to the south of them, and have further complicated American politics, already complicated with the negro problem and the problem of alien emigration. They would have complicated it, in short, with the great greaser problem. And just as complications like that of the Irish question have stood in the way of sanity in English politics, problems like that of the administration of twenty or thirty million turbulent, alien, Spanish-speaking, Catholic half-breeds would raise all sorts of issues which would interfere with the development of American politics in a like way, and at a time when, in the presence of such questions as the control of capital and trusts, the abolition of graft, and so forth, American politics needed to be simplified rather than otherwise. Nowhere have I seen it pointed out that the real cost of intervention in Mexico would not be so many millions of dollars or so many lives, but a more impotent form of American society than we should otherwise have had; that, in other words, the Americans are being asked to sacrifice, in some degree, 100,000,000 Americans for 15,000,000 Mexicans, who would be in no way grateful. American opinion has had no case of this kind presented to it, mainly because American pacifism has never conceived the situation in intellectual or analytical terms at all, but almost purely in terms of feeling.

American pacifism is, I am afraid, typified, for example, by Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan stands in the mind of the American public for the arch-defender of peace. He is almost the peace case personified. He is a great popular orator and lecturer, his chosen subject is peace, and he is in charge of the foreign affairs of the United States, and should in consequence have an expert's knowledge of foreign politics.

What has he been telling the public during his speeches and lectures of the past year or two, to enable the American public to judge sanely in this Mexi-

can matter, so that whether they go into the country or keep out of it, they can do so with their eyes open, knowing what either policy involves? Well, you will find that Mr. Bryan's glowing periods consist almost entirely of a reiteration of the statement that war is due to the cruelty, barbarity, and un-Christian intention of men; whereas, of course, that bears not at all upon the case of the American who wants to intervene in Mexico for the purpose of restoring order and civilizing the Mexicans.

The intention behind such a policy is just as good as that of the man who opposes it. To attempt to silence it by pointing out the bloodshed involved is obviously futile, for the whole plea is that there will be less bloodshed with war than without. The militarist is just as "humanitarian" as the pacifist; just as high principled, just as well intentioned. The difference between them is not a moral one at all. It is an intellectual one. It is concerned with opposing interpretations of fact. This, for Mr. Bryan, does not seem to have the least importance.

Mr. Bryan's method, like that of many who proclaim themselves peacemakers, has been based on the assumption that the first and last requisites for the maintenance of peace are high aspirations and good intentions; that these will of their own virtue save the trouble of understanding the facts, obviate the need for grappling intellectually with the problem; that high morality can be made a substitute for the knowledge of facts, and that rhetoric and emotion will in some way get over difficulties of practical politics and human short-sightedness; that war, being, according to this view, due to human wickedness and brutality, it can be kept at bay by stirring rhetoric anent the "Angel of Peace"; that, in short, if we are all very good and high-minded, war will be no more.

This whole assumption—that war is due to evil intention and can be prevented by the correction of intention—is fundamentally false. Secretary Bryan and President Wilson are themselves proof of it. It has been left for them, perhaps the best-intentioned and most pacifically minded leaders of any Administration of American history, to precipitate the most dubiously just war in American history against a people whom the President himself holds blameless.

The people now doing the killing, whether American or Mexican, are not animated by evil intentions. The war has not been precipitated by wicked people. Few wars are. War is generally due to good intention, to fine emotion, to high-mindedness, on both sides; to the intention to prevent or stop some evil which is regarded worse than war, to avenge a wrong, to sustain national honor. The people animated by these intentions are not evil people. They are mistaken people, honestly holding a number of false ideas of such things as the effectiveness of military power in promoting the ends they have in view; false ideas of the nature of national honor, of the means by which a country promotes the happiness and well-being of its people, and takes its part in the work of civilization.

Norman Angell.

The New Weekly.

TAXING THE RICH.

Mr. George has said that his Budget is a Free Trade Budget. Such a description could be applied to the Budget of 1909 if the land taxes were left out of account. But it cannot be applied to the Budget of 1914, because this Budget, while professing to graduate taxation really makes it penal. Accepting the official calculation that a one per cent death duty is equivalent to a threepenny income-tax, and assuming that the average income-tax on large incomes is 2s. 6d., we find that the rich man must now pay in rates and taxes together nearly ten shillings on every sovereign. It is ridiculous to pretend that such a scale represents taxation according to ability to pay. There is not one rich man in a million who leads a life of such vicious extravagance or of such extreme miserliness that he wastes or hoards half his income. The Budget does not tax the millionaire, but, economically speaking, breaks him. What Mr. George really means when he calls this a Free Trade Budget is that confiscation is the only alternative to Tariff Reform, and it will be observed that the proposals of the land campaign implicitly present the same doctrine. All this has been appreciated by the Socialists. They know that to carry out their cherished scheme of an income-tax of 20s. in the pound on incomes above a certain figure no new machinery would be required. It would only be necessary to give a few more turns to the screw. The new tax on foreign investments closes the last loophole.

In the light of this fact consider Mr. George's second statement that his Budget is a moderate insurance against a social revolution. Whom does it insure? Does it insure the middle classes? No doubt it postpones their turn for a few years, though it gives them warning that their time is short. But it certainly does not insure the people who are to pay the maximum rate. For them it is the social revolution. It compels them to recast their whole mode of life. It completes a process begun just twenty years ago. The people who are now to hand over approximately half their income to the State or the local authorities then paid an income-tax of under a shilling and no succession duties worth mentioning. To tell these people that the new burdens represent an insurance, and actually a moderate insurance, is to play with words. They represent gradual but inevitable extinction.

According to Radical theory the State can live for a term of years on these great fortunes, distributing the money to the poor and so benefitting the country economically. But what is to happen when the fortunes are gone? It has been said that the masses are living on the dukes, and the dukes are living on their pictures. Some day the last picture will be sold; what then? Mr. George himself has wisely shirked the question, but Mr. Herbert Samuel has offered a solution which, while satisfactory at first sight, really exposes the weakness of the present financial system. Mr. Samuel's point is that the national income has grown faster than taxation, and that the burden is therefore lighter. But Mr. Samuel omits to ask whether the average expenditure has not also grown, whether the middle- and upper-class standard of comfort has not risen. It has risen, and—what is especially important—is still rising. A man cannot maintain his relative position in the social scale on the income out of which his mid-Victorian grandfather was able to save. In particular the expenditure of the middle classes—people with in-

comes just over four figures—has been altogether recast since foreign travel became fashionable and motor-cars social necessities.

In the genially cynical letter which Lord Esher lately contributed to the "Times," this aspect of the matter was well brought out. Lord Esher lives in a fashion which critics who judge by a standard now hopelessly antiquated condemn as luxurious. In practice this means that he maintains a certain number of servants, gardeners and chauffeurs. Since, as he admits, and as we have shown, it is impossible for him to meet the new taxation out of his surplus, he must alter his way of life, and he cannot alter it without discharging some of the labor now ministering to his personal wants. The reformer welcomes the fact on the ground that this labor is parasitic, to which Lord Esher aptly retorts that it has got to be fed and clothed somehow. In the concluding paragraphs of his letter Lord Esher was at pains to point out that in the long run the State might make a better use of his money than he makes of it himself; but meanwhile, he asked, what will happen to the discharged "parasites"? What comfort is it to them to know that someone else is drawing their wages? Professor Pigou apparently did not bother to read the letter to the end, for he wrote off to the "Times" to direct attention to Lord Esher's own point that the new distribution of money might be economically sounder than the old. It is, however, precisely this point which, as Dr. Cunningham has seen, may be called in question.

For what are the objects to which the new taxation is to be devoted? They are three—the Navy, Old Age Pensions and Social Reform. Not one of these three objects—certainly not the last as Mr. George understands it—is an asset in the strictly economic sense. The Navy is a political necessity. But when we build a Dreadnought we create an instrument of economic destruction which we hope will never be used. Economically our fleet is so many hundreds of millions of unproductive capital. So, again, Old Age Pensions are ethically commendable. But the people to whom they are granted are the economically unfit, those no longer capable of efficient productive labor. And as for Social Reform, Mr. George's notion is to supervise, standardize and elaborate work by no means left undone before, at the price of substituting paid officials for gratuitous labor. In the strict economic sense all this expenditure is waste. We do not condemn it on that account; quite the contrary; but it is a fair answer to those who charge the rich with maintaining parasitic labor to point out that the new labor that the State is calling into existence is no whit more truly productive.

We shall be told that we have proved too much—that if labor employed by the State out of the taxes simply replaces labor that would otherwise have been employed by individuals, the country is in the end the poorer by the cost of tax-collection. This is not the case. Taxation is a positive benefit so long as it is paid out of a surplus. It is better that the State should take a sovereign and spend it unproductively than that the sovereign should lie for years in somebody's stocking. That is why in backward countries where the inhabitants hoard their savings a high level of taxation is desirable. But England is not a backward country, and modern taxation is not levied upon surpluses but upon working capital. That is why we now hear so much about the repercussion of taxation. There must be repercussion when the tax is sent up beyond a certain point. A tax is, as it were, a postage stamp; it tends to stick where it is fixed. But

it the tax be too heavy the gum will no longer hold it and it falls off and hits other people. The country would do well to reflect on the extent to which the laboring masses will be hit by the system elaborated in the present Budget. This penal taxation is not directed only against those who live luxuriously; it is directed against capital in general. The money-maker is warned that the State objects to his activities. Two consequences follow. The first is that foreign capital in England will be withdrawn to safer regions; the second that English capital will itself migrate. It is to this latter consequence that the attention of the artisan class should be directed. Vast sums of money are now concentrated in London for the development of tropical regions whose raw products are to be worked up by English operatives. Penal taxation can change the seat of this development and divert its results to operatives in other countries, just as surely as the geographical discoveries of the fifteenth century diverted the stream of trade from Venice and the great Flanders markets. The process will be none the less certain because its steps may be imperceptible.

The Saturday Review.

THE CRITIC AT THE R. A.

"Talking of treacle pudding," said Felicity, helping that delicacy with a grace and skill that would have demanded the entire concentration of one less gifted—"talking of treacle pudding, I suppose you've done the Academy?"

"Not yet," I confessed.

She looked at me reproachfully.

"Dear, dear," she sighed, "when will the British Public awaken to the claims of Art? We haven't either."

"I generally wait a bit and find out which are the pictures I am expected to admire."

"And a very sensible plan too," she rejoined; "that is, for you and me and the rest of the common herd. Of course Papa's different. He's a critic."

Her father coughed deprecatingly.

"When he sees anything really artistic," she went on, "it fills him with delight."

"I wish you wouldn't use that horrible word, Felicity," he groaned.

"What horrible word?"

"Artistic."

"Sorry, Papa; I forgot. On the other hand," she continued unabashed, "if you show him anything that *isn't* it causes him terrible suffering. He will cover his eyes with one hand and shoo it away with the other."

"You mustn't mind my little daughter's nonsense," he said. "Someone told her the other day she had a sense of humor. It was a great mistake."

"That's one up to you, Papa," she returned cheerfully; "but before the House adjourns I should like to move that we all go to the Academy this afternoon."

"I should love it," I replied, "but I'm afraid I must get back to work."

"Do you *work?*" she exclaimed with rapture. "How frightfully exciting."

* * * * * *

At a Flapper dance in the evening I met Felicity again and she gave me the second "Hesitation Waltz." Afterwards she led me to some nice basket chairs in the conservatory.

"Well, did the Academy come off?" I asked.

"Did it come off?" said Felicity. "I should say so. It was the nicest afternoon I've had for weeks. You *ought* to have been there."

"I suppose your father was in hot form criticizing the pictures?"

"Hush," she whispered, holding her

finger to her lips. "Papa as an Art critic is temporarily under a cloud. I'll tell you. It came about in this way: Papa is a great admirer of Sargent, and to-day he was in a particularly Sargentesque mood. 'The great drawback to the Academy,' he said, as we were setting forth, 'is that the Sargents are spoiled by the other pictures. The huge mass of these all over the place entirely destroys one's perceptions of color value. What I should like to do would be to see only the Sargents, turning a blind eye meanwhile to the other paintings.'

"'You ought to wear blinkers,' I suggested.

"He was all for it at once.

"'That's a capital idea, Felicity.'

"'Then you'll go by yourself, Papa,' I said. 'I'll do some shopping and call for you at the police station on the way home.'

"Well, he abandoned the blinker idea eventually, but stuck to his scheme for concentrating on Sargent, and suddenly I saw how the afternoon might be made both amusing and instructive. So I said, 'There's one thing that's rather pleasing, Papa. You won't have to buy a catalogue, because I've got one. Some people I had tea with yesterday gave me theirs, and I'll bring it if you like.'"

She looked at me mischievously under her long dark lashes.

"You catch the idea?" she asked.

"No," I said, "not yet."

"Well, as soon as we arrived Papa took the catalogue and looked up all the Sargents—in the index part, you know, and wrote the numbers on his cuff and then we began to hunt them down.

"The first one was a 'still life.' Papa viewed it in some perplexity. 'Ah,' he said at length, 'just as I thought. I have been anticipating this for some time.' He adjusted his spectacles. 'The tendency of modern Art—that is to say the best Art—is towards a return to more classic forms. Sargent, as might be expected, leads the way; but he infuses the subject with his own special genius. I regard this as a very fine example—very fine, indeed. The vitality of the half salmon is positively amazing.'

"I led him gently away, and presently we stood before the portrait of a City gentleman—the kind that is very fond of turtle soup. Papa raved over it.

"'Here, again,' he pointed out, 'see the loving care bestowed on each link in the watch-chain. What a reproof to the slovenly slap-dash methods of the Impressionists.'

"I gazed rapturously into his face and urged him onward. Things went from bad to worse, but it was really 'The Lowing Herd' that put the lid on it. A more lamentable company of cows you could hardly imagine. Even Papa was baffled for the moment; but after checking the number on the picture with the number on his cuff he pulled himself together.

"'Wonderful grouping,' he said; 'eminently Sargentesque;' and his voice seemed to challenge all within earshot to name another artist who could have produced the work.

"'Well, now,' he concluded, 'I think that is the last of them, and the best thing we can do is to go home. It would be a pity to spoil the afternoon by looking at any of the lesser lights.'

"I hesitated. 'Don't you think,' I suggested, 'it would be nice just to look at the Sargents before we go?'

"For some moments Papa was speechless.

"'The Sargents!' he exclaimed at length. 'Well, of all the—— Here I devote a solid half-hour to teaching you something about Art and your mind is woolgathering the whole time. What on earth were you thinking about?"

"'I was thinking about the years that are gone,' I said.

"'The years that are gone?'

"'Yes, and I'm afraid it's entirely my fault, because I brought it.'

"Papa gasped.

"'What on earth is the child talking about?'

"'The catalogue,' I said; 'it's some other year's.'"

* * * * * *

At this moment the fallen Art critic entered the conservatory.

Punch.

"Is that you, Felicity?" he exclaimed. "You're cutting a dance with your own father. I never heard of such a thing."

She sprang up.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, "I am sorry."

She slipped her arm through his, and as they moved away together I heard her say, with what seemed unnecessary distinctness, "We were talking Art, you know, and that's so dreadfully absorbing."

RUSSIA, ALBANIA AND TURKEY.

Rowdyism at Westminster, militantism at Buckingham Palace, and threats of rebellion in Ulster should not distract our attention from more important events in Europe. Let us turn first to Russia. There the breach between the Duma and the Government has been widened by the attacks made in the former on the Procurator of the Holy Synod and on the Minister of the Interior, against whom, by 185 votes to 95, a vote of censure was passed. This remarkable motion was brought forward by the Octobrists and the Centre, and actively supported by members of these and other moderate sections of the Duma. According to the summary given by Professor Schiemann, the Holy Synod was bitterly attacked during the debates on the Estimates for it, and especial complaint was again made of the sinister influence in high quarters of the monk Rasputin, who was declared to have controlled last year the decision of the Government whether there should be peace or war. This was stated by M. Miliukoff, the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, on the authority of an officially inspired Church paper, and he closed with the words: "The Church is in the bonds of the hierarchy, whose members are the prisoners of the State, and the State is the captive of a vagabond." A Church Council was demanded by several speakers, but, as the clergy and bishops resent the domination of the Synod, its convocation is hardly probable. The Agrarian Octobrists, however, gave way at the last moment, and combined with the reactionaries to pass the Estimates, though there were further attacks on Rasputin. But the five days' debate on the Estimates for the Ministry of the Interior was even more passionate. The resolution of censure introduced by the Octobrists and the Centre declared that the Duma declined to express any desires with regard to the policy of the Ministry, since the Minister systematically ignored its views; that the action of the Department arbitrarily restricted the activity of the Zemstvoes and the Municipal Councils, excited discontent in the pacific strata of the population, weakened the power of the nation, interfered with the performance of the Tsar's promises, and was ominous of grave national dangers. On the other hand, the Ministry was attacked from the extreme Right for not interfering enough. M. Purishkevitch, the noted champion of autocracy, produced a document purporting to show that a seamen's strike was in contemplation

in the Caspian and Black Sea ports, and would be extended later to the White Sea and the Baltic. Did the Government, he asked, know that it was designed to lead up to a mutiny in the Navy? He also produced an appeal issued last October by Galician Polish leaders to the Russian Poles and the Jews to liberate the ancient Tsardom of Poland from Russian domination in the event of a war with Germany or Austria-Hungary, and he urged the formation of a fund to combat Revolution. But the most violent attacks came from the moderate parties, whose speakers gave impressive illustrations of the neglect of the Department to do anything towards the improvement of the shocking conditions of housing and sanitation in the great cities, in spite of its control of ample funds. In the result, the estimates for the central administration of the Department were passed by 201 to 84, it being obviously impossible to do otherwise; but a number of minor votes were rejected, by 148 votes to 144, and finally the vote of censure was passed, amid loud applause from the Centre and Left. Meanwhile, the Minister of the Interior, M. Maklakoff, together with M. Krivoschein, who is spoken of as his probable successor, the Prime Minister, and the Governor of the Caucasus, have been with the Tsar at Livadia, and there are rumors of impending Ministerial changes, which may or may not render it easier for the Ministry to work with the Duma. It is a hopeful sign that M. Bark has been confirmed in his position as Finance Minister, and it is believed (in France, at any rate) that M. Goremykin has Liberal inclinations, and that M. Maklakoff will have to go. But no one can tell what secret influences may be brought to bear on an autocrat, or whether he will be able to resist them.

Meanwhile, in Albania, Prince William of Wied has escaped two grave dangers, though the manner of his escape from the second is ominous of future trouble. He has been extricated by the International Commission of Control from the danger of a revolt of his Epirote subjects, whose demands as to the recognition of the Greek language in the schools and administration, of religious liberty, and local government have been now formally granted, subject to the approval of his Government, the Epirote leaders, and the Powers. And he has got rid of his War Minister, Essad Pasha, who was too powerful for him in any case, and was probably preparing either to supplant him altogether or to carve out a separate dominion for himself. Essad, who had been anxious to lead an army against the Epirotes without further parley, was believed to be taking advantage of the settlement with them and of unrest in certain Albanian villages to encourage an Albanian revolt; he was therefore dismissed from his office, and required to disband his bodyguard; his resistance was overcome by artillery, and he was put aboard an Austro-Hungarian cruiser, and ultimately deported to Brindisi, *en route*, it is said, for Tripoli. This, at any rate, is the official account, though Essad protests his loyalty and innocence. Austro-Hungarian and Italian bluejackets were landed at Durazzo to check any possible disturbance, and the open interference of the Powers will probably be resented by the Moslem Albanians, and will certainly arouse anger in Constantinople. There are signs, too, of jealousy between the Moslem and Catholic Albanians, and it may be doubted whether Prince William will be able to cope with the feuds among his subjects without further foreign assistance. Moreover, the cooperation of two Powers, both with rival aspirations in Albania, has in it the seeds of international trouble. But

Essad's elimination gets rid of the most pressing peril of the new State, and the Albanians, though their civilization is below that of Western Europe in the early Middle Ages, have a reputation for intelligence and adaptability among the peoples of the Near East.

The Turks are unable to recover from the disastrous effects of the Balkan War. Reports quoted in the *Board of Trade Journal* give a bad account of conditions throughout what remains of European Turkey. The Turks are "sunk in apathy" and "dazed by their misfortunes." The agricultural districts on which the towns depend have produced practically nothing since war began. Small traders are emigrating because there is no trade and no prospect. As to the arable land sown this year, some call it one-third, others one-tenth of normal! In Constantinople there is very little commerce, and the situation is made worse by a boycott of Christian merchants. And, of course, the people are being bled to death for military and naval armaments under the patronage of high diplomacy.

The Economist.

THE REVELATIONS OF PARNELL'S WIDOW.

The publication of the Memoirs, as they may be called, of Parnell's Widow, the divorced wife of Captain O'Shea, M.P., which is taking place in the columns of *The Daily Sketch*, has already thrown a good deal of useful light upon one of the unsavory periods in Liberal history, and promises to produce a portrait of Mr. Gladstone which will be quite devoid of a halo. Though the story which Mrs. Parnell relates is a very miserable one for the interests of Ireland, it appears to have the merit of perfect straightforwardness. Mrs. Parnell publishes no apology for her violation of her married obligations to Captain O'Shea. She adopts the standpoint that she and Parnell loved one another, and that nothing else counted. But she is justly and contemptuously severe upon the politicians, both English and Irish, who were thoroughly aware for ten long years of the relations between her and Mr. Parnell, but who industriously ignored those relations until the scandal of the divorce gave an opportunity for all kinds of intrigues and all varieties of mendacity and treachery. The picture of the Grand Old Premier of England using Mrs. O'Shea year after year as his go-between with Mr. Parnell, and then solemnly enacting that hypocritical farce of outraged virtue after the divorce, is an image of rottenness not easily surpassed in any age of decadence.

When I published my *History of the Irish Parliamentary Party* some years ago I stated that Parnell was nothing of the leader and statesman celebrated by Liberal and Land League rhapsodists, that he was incapable of originality, that his so-called leadership was mere acting as the figurehead of far cleverer persons who wanted his social distinction to cover their social insignificance; that most of his time he was a miserably sickly and ailing sort of person; that Mrs. O'Shea's attachment to him probably began in her being a Sister of Mercy to the depressed and helpless invalid; that his precious lieutenants went on attributing to him all the merit of their own management until they found a definite excuse for ratting to a stronger patron in the British Premiership; that the Parnell Legend, in fact, is the very vulgar one of a crowd of capable nobodies combining to boost, as on the Stock Exchange, a parcel of perfectly worthless

stock until they had successfully unloaded on their own account. It is already evident that the revelations of Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell will leave no doubts upon these facts. Parnell never knew anything and never did anything. For four years, 1875-1879, he appeared to follow the Active Policy of universal interference which *The Morning Post* group of Irish politicians had introduced into Irish politics, though, treacherously taking advantage of the popularity in Ireland created by the scenes of Obstruction, as it was misnamed, in reality he had early begun to plot against Mr. Isaac Butt. The Dublin Agrarian Party and the ill-informed Irish in America were enraptured to find a man of historic family, though of modern and exotic origin, ready to father their most silly schemes based on most real grievances. As he obeyed them with promptitude he became their uncrowned king. He was miserably poor, but a national subscription of £40,000 was a temporary stop-gap for his extravagance. A secret compact with an English Premier gave him the appearance of power so long as he followed with servility. While the farce lasted, he had very little trouble. Mr. Gladstone always spoke of him, after the Kilmainham Surrender as the one Statesman of Ireland, while privately arranging the next move to be taken by the make-believe Washington or Brutus through that amiable plenipotentiary, Mrs. O'Shea. The apparent power of Parnell lasted just so long as his most capable subordinates—who disliked and adulated him—had not found a way to relieve their spite and to raise their price by acclaiming an English Prime Minister who had become a Nominal Home Ruler. When T. P. O'Connor, Justin McCarthy, Thomas Sexton, William O'Brien, Timothy Healy, John Dillon, came tumbling on their knees into the Great Liberal Presence, there was an abrupt interruption of those diplomatic *tête-à-têtes* between William Ewart Gladstone and Mistress Katharine O'Shea.

A very just and honorable desire on the part of Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell and her son by Captain O'Shea to refute a silly charge about Captain O'Shea's connivance at the immoral relations between his wife and Mr. Parnell was the real origin of the present revelations. As I intimated in my *History*, I was too well acquainted with the facts to do anything but scout with contempt this attempted slur on a genial and warmhearted officer and gentleman. I have pointed out that Captain O'Shea's knowledge of the part of political go-between which Mrs. O'Shea, herself the niece of a Gladstonian Lord Chancellor, played between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell was well calculated to conceal from Captain O'Shea any impropriety in the mutual relations of his wife and his friend. But Mrs. Parnell now carries the matter a step further. She informs us that, at an early stage, even the excuse of the ambassadorial mission of his wife did not prevent Captain O'Shea from expressing his hot disapproval of the intimacy. Mrs. Parnell now confesses that she had become Parnell's mistress in the year 1880, and that in the first months of 1881 the anger of her husband at Parnell's perpetual prowling about the house led to a furious challenge from the Captain to the Land League Leader to fight a duel in France. The disclosures at this point became exceedingly interesting from the political aspect as well. Already in January, 1881, while Parnell was actually under prosecution by the Gladstone Government and was reaping enormous enthusiasm in Ireland as another attempted victim of the foreign tyrant, there was this safe and snug little plan of a ladylike go-between arranging all kinds of important communications between the British Premier and the

Irish patriot! In the words of Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell: "My sister, Mrs. Steele, came down to see me, and patched up a peace between myself and Willie (my husband); and Mr. Parnell, while making arrangements to go abroad to meet Willie, explained to him, that he (Parnell) must have a medium of communication between the Government and himself, that Mrs. O'Shea had kindly undertaken the office for him, and as this would render negotiations possible and safe, he trusted that Willie would make no objection to his meeting her. . . . Willie then thought he had been too hasty in his action and, knowing I had become immersed in the Irish Cause, merely made the condition that Mr. Parnell should not stay at Eltham."

As I have said already, the callous deception of Captain O'Shea was rendered still more easy by the long attacks of distressing illness to which Parnell was subject, in the course of which Mrs. O'Shea, naturally with the full approval of her husband, tended him like a Sister of Mercy to outward appearance.

When, however, the pair had contrived in this manner to evade the husband's indignation they went on their course without a remnant of hesitation. Again, to quote from Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell, "From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, *without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse.*" Mr. Gladstone had certainly found an appropriate ambassadress for his transactions with the double-faced hero of the Nationalist Noodles of Dublin.

It may be useful to remember that Captain O'Shea, who combined with a large capacity for squandering his private fortune the most laudable endeavors to make money by legitimate enterprise, was continually called away to Paris and Madrid by his connection with mining and other enterprises abroad. He was the son of a wealthy solicitor of an old family in the County Limerick, which was intimately related to the old-established Irish-Spanish banking firm of O'Shea and Company at Madrid. The worst truth happening in London could be concealed from him in this way for a long time. The two spouses practically lived apart. O'Shea, as a Catholic, was an enemy of divorce and must shrink from compromising the reputation of his children. Mrs. O'Shea claimed to be Protestant. A sly master of dissimulation like Parnell was easily able to deceive his chivalrous comrade. As for the abject and reckless character of Parnell's infatuation, the proofs already published are overwhelming. "Without scruple, without fear, without remorse" is the hideous motto which accurately sums up the personal character of Charles Stewart Parnell.

As Mrs. Parnell continues the output of her revelations, two main subjects will probably obtain the principal attention of the reader. The first is Parnell's pursuit of Mrs. O'Shea. The second has to do with the personal or diplomatic relations between Parnell's mistress and Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstone Government between the years 1880 and 1890, which were the fatal years for Ireland during the victory of the Land League over Home Rule and the final breach between Gladstone and Parnell. On the question of Parnell's pursuit of his trustful colleague's wife, I think that the first decisive effusion from Parnell's pen is the short letter from Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea, dated at Dublin September 22, 1880. It is as follows:—"My dear Mrs. O'Shea,—I cannot keep myself away from you any longer, so shall leave to-night for London. Please wire me to 16, Keppel Street, Russell Square, if I may hope to see you to-morrow and where, after 4 p.m.—Yours always, C.S.P."

As Mrs. O'Shea's old nurse lay dying, Parnell could get no meeting in reply to his impudent appeal, and had to return "in a hurry" to Ireland. We may imagine without difficulty the joy of his adoring Dublin Leaguers when they saw again their stainless chief returned so rapidly to their devotion, after his lightning trip to the Enemy's Capital, where doubtless he had been achieving some chivalric deed for Ireland. Good Heavens! What asses are the Jackeens of Bally Jackeen!

It may be noted briefly at this stage that Mrs. Parnell's revelations already convict Parnell of the most shameless, heartless, treacherous, and dishonorable corruption and dissimulation of which a man, dead to conscience and enslaved by sensuality, can be capable.

Very instructive to his Irish followers must be his written avowal to Mrs. O'Shea of the "small interest I take in what is going on about me, and how I detest everything which has happened to keep me away from you"; his characteristic sneer that during his "pleasant and charming" stay with his mistress, "Ireland seems to have gotten on very well without me in the interval!" Then there is the revelation of Parnell's mean slyness in covering his trips to Mrs. O'Shea by getting "an invitation from Willie," the deceived husband, whom he had induced to ask him over "in his gentle insistent way urging his invitation." We have also his unhappy mistress's confession that she had made some stand for her own honor, her home and children, but that Parnell had despotically trodden down all her weak pleadings. "I had fought against our love; but Parnell would not fight, and I was alone. I had urged my children and his work; but he answered me: 'For good or ill, I am your husband, your lover, your children, your all. And I will give my life to Ireland, but to you I give *my love, whether it be your heaven or your hell.*'" Was there ever in the worst anecdote of the worst era of the French Regency or Directory a more ghoulish outburst of a lost soul? Yet this traitor to his comrade, this betrayer of his friend, this scorner of womanhood and motherhood and the rights of innocent children, was for ten years to be the most worshipful Lord Buddha of Dublin and all that Dublin could influence, both Clerical and Lay! I suppose that those two sentences, "without scruple, without fear, without remorse," and "my love, be it your heaven or your hell" are the two ultimate expressions of the ultimate demoralization that can be found in fact or fiction.

All Englishmen, whether they belong to the Party of the late Mr. Gladstone or to his opponents, or to the independent few who prefer country to Party, must follow with the deepest interest the disgusting revelations of the connection between Parnell's Mistress and the Liberal Party and Government after 1880. That distinguished Liberal institution, The Eighty Club, will assume a new significance since Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell produces irrefutable proofs in justification of the "contempt unspeakable" which she and Parnell felt for "the hypocrisy of those Statesmen and politicians who, knowing for ten years that Parnell was my lover, had with the readiest tact and utmost courtesy accepted the fact as making a sure and safe channel of communication with him whom they knew as a force to be placated." Here is the revelation of an open sore which must be cauterized with the actual cautery, if indeed there still lives the possibility of a public conscience behind the Party System.

F. Hugh O'Donnell.

ON SATIRE AND REVENGE.

Is satire a literary revenge? It is a tempting generalization, and one pardonable in a British critic. Our literature has produced one supremely great satirist, and to Swift's work it would be hard to assign another motive. For him satire was the relief of a cosmic anger. He wrote under the spur of a *sæva indignatio*, and his lacerated heart seems, when he is most himself, to spend itself in an effort to inflict on mankind shrewd blows in return for his own festering wounds. One cannot say that he wrote with a purpose. He hoped nothing from the effect of his scourging. The very word, hope, seems a mockery, when one uses it of the brilliant gloom of his mind. He meant others to feel the pain he felt, and possibly he never made the reflection that the men and women most susceptible of feeling the intellectual torture of his lash were those who least deserved it. Of him one may say, not untruly, what Mr. Gilbert Cannan, in his delicately written essay on "Satire" (Martin Secker), says of all satirists. He was "a soul well-born who has been parlously out of luck." Swift was avenging something more than the defeat of his own ideals, and the failure of mankind to answer the demands of reason. A personal misery sharpens his anger. His case was something worse than ill-luck. He was a soul in hopeless discomfort, whom no bed in this universe would have fitted, and no pillow soothed. But the generalization fails when one applies it to the only other satirist whom one can rank with Swift, or above him. Voltaire was no unlucky soul in any sense of the term. To him came all the worldly blessings of birth and wealth, of fame and love and friends, and the frowns of kings and the impotent malice of Jesuits did but make movements and incidents in a proud career. No great writer has so obviously the century, the society, and the nation that fitted him. The revenges which he permitted himself were strictly limited. He could not pardon Maupertuis, but he forgave the Universe with a laugh. Nor can one think of revenge or ill-luck or any shadow of bitterness upon the soul of Anatole France. For him there have always been books on the quays of the Seine, and a genial human press around them. His work might bear the title which the first of scholar-satirists appropriated: it is a praise of folly. He handles his little bric-à-brac figurines of priests and soldiers, politicians and gallant ladies, with all the affection of a connoisseur. The world would be dark for him only if his laughter should dry up, and the human comedy turn to gloom.

Satire, one is inclined to speculate, is an expression of disappointment. The ideal has shone before the eyes of the poet, and the world's reality has denied it. He turns from the clash and conflict in anger and bitter merriment. So sharp is the contrast, that he laughs not with sudden glory, but with studied contempt. For our part, we doubt if this mood, which is simply that of all clear-sighted reformers and rationalists, is ever the parent of good satire. It is what we all feel in a mood of indignation when something tingles in our nerves, and we feel that we could write a satire an' we would. But few of us do achieve the satire, and the reason is not simply that we lack the wit. The reason is that satire, like all art, demands a detachment from the immediate emotion, which is the rarest of all endowments. The satirist begins where the moralist leaves off. He creates and constructs only because his perception of the topsy-turvy universe

has begun to afford him a certain æsthetic satisfaction. He must relish the absurdity, he must see a method in the human madness, he must delight in tracing the curve of the folly which always evades the ideal. No human soul, since men began to express themselves on paper, ever felt the wonder of human folly and wickedness so keenly as Shelley. He is the real *ingénu*, who has strayed wide-eyed and excited with anger and surprise into a bad and unreasonable world. But his satire is shrill, petulant, exclamatory, though he evidently valued himself not a little upon it. It fails because he could never bring himself to become a connoisseur in folly and unreason. He left his æsthetic sense behind him when he railed at Castlereagh. He was much too good a man to be a first-rate satirist. With Voltaire, on the other hand, the impulse to make his exposition of follies rounded and satisfying is almost too strong. His world is so beautifully and invariably awry that one admires its regularity, well-nigh to the exclusion of indignation. One hears the Q.E.D. a little too clearly at the end of each chapter of "L'Ingénu." The formula is almost too insistent, and the artist has too completely suppressed the moralist.

It would be tempting to pursue this theme, but the fact is that good material is not abundant. In first-rate satire literature is poorer than in any other of the recognized forms of art. Juvenal, we suspect, owes his place as a classic to some extraneous merits. He had a terrible verbal force in invective, and to a Christian world which wanted to be convinced of the total corruption of paganism, he made flattering reading. But this was not a universal criticism of life and the world, as Swift's and Voltaire's, and, in some degree, Anatole France's, are. It was only an angry picture of Rome. As little can one reckon among great satire the self-conscious polemics of the literary aspirant which are Byron's satires. So little fundamental are they that they are even included in the expurgated versions of his works designed for the young. There is a fourth name which Mr. Gilbert Cannan justly adds to these classics. Samuel Butler had neither the wit of Voltaire nor the fury of Swift nor the grace of Anatole France, but there was a depth and sincerity in his criticism which none of them reached, and a concentration peculiarly English. In some degree he justifies Mr. Cannan's theory of revenge. "Erewhon" is a curiously methodical work. Butler allowed himself no roving commission to spy here and there upon the follies and absurdities of mankind. He planned his attack. He delivers a rigidly-ordered series of battles. One can make as one reads a methodical catalogue of the ideas which he advocated or assailed. "Erewhon" was written to force men to think about a limited number of our current assumptions. The unreason which punishes moral, while it attempts to cure physical, defects was one of them; the supremacy of Mrs. Grundy as the real goddess of our worship was another; the cultivated English disease of "not giving themselves away" was a third. But where one feels that Butler was revenging him is in the elaborate section which treats of the Erewhonian mythology of parenthood. It is the theme also of "The Way of All Flesh," and here unquestionably there is some cry of a soul in ill-luck, some bitter vengeance of a personal experience. But the thing is none the less remote, and the artist has got the better of the moralist. He is absorbed in making his consistent picture of Erewhon. Its unreason is so alluring that we prefer it and condemn it by turns when we compare it with our own reason. The detail delights it, till we seem to be reading a romance. If the thesis

that reason is always inverted in this world, is not pursued with the almost mathematical fun of Voltaire, there is none the less an æsthetic pleasure in tracing the lines of imagined vagaries. We foresee a day when even "Erewhon" will be grouped with "Gulliver's Travels" in libraries of classics adapted for the young. The world is wise to make Swift, like measles, a malady of the young; both diseases are more dangerous in after-life. Satire may be revenge, but great satire is always its own antidote. It condemns reality, and gives us in its stead its own inverted satisfaction.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The publication by the Macmillan Company of Rabindranath Tagore's "The Post-Office" gives the reader an opportunity for a closer acquaintance with the poet whose winning of the Nobel Prize in literature last year occasioned general surprise. It is a simple two-act drama, without incidents except the hopes and imaginings of a little boy, shut in by illness but awaiting a letter from the King. It is subtly fanciful, and with an Oriental flavor, in Tagore's manner.

Any one who wants a wildly improbable story—of an Eastern typewriter girl driven out into the far West by a causeless scandal, encountering there a lawless woodsman "Roaring Bill Wagstaff" with whom under stress of circumstances, she spends six unchaperoned but innocent months in a wilderness shack, and whom she finally loves and weds and takes back with her to city life with various disturbing consequences,—any one who wants this sort of a story will find it in Bertrand W. Sinclair's "North of Fifty-Three" (Little, Brown & Co.). The characters are wooden, but there is no lack of incident, and the joys of life in the wild are vividly portrayed.

It is a touching story of animal friendship and individuality which is told in William J. Stillman's "Billy and Hans" (Thomas B. Mosher). Billy and Hans were two squirrel pets—Billy a dark gray squirrel from the Black Forest, Hans a red squirrel from a village on the Rhine—whose habits the author studied and whose affections he won until they became his most intimate companions. How the temperament of the one reacted upon the other, how Hans's wildness yielded to the affectionate playfulness of Billy, and what a change was wrought in Hans by Billy's death, all this and much more is told with the utmost tenderness; and the reader hardly wonders that the author's experiences with his pets left him hoping for, if not fully believing in, animal immortality. The book is daintily printed and bound,—after the manner of the Mosher books.

In "The Careful Investor," Professor Edward Sherwood Mead has made a valuable contribution to a class of books which can never grow too numerous. He plunges into his subject with a long chapter on "The chances of a lamb in the stock market" which creates an unmistakable impression that the lamb's place is in the fold and not on the street among the bulls and bears; but ends, for the benefit of those who are determined to speculate just the same, with an explanation of two

methods of doing it which offer somewhat more safety than the ordinary one of putting up a five or ten point margin with a broker. Then, after pointing out the superiority of bonds to stocks for the average investor and explaining the valuable services which a reliable investment-banker can render, he devotes the greater part of the book to an analysis of the distinctive features of the various forms of bonds which are now on the market. He closes with brief chapters on preferred stocks, the regulation of trusts, and the probable variations in the production of gold and the resulting effect on prices. Though the language is clear and untechnical the book contains a great deal of information in compact form. It is a book to be recommended even more to those who don't recognize the danger of trying to invest a few thousand dollars unaided than to those who do. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"On Old World Highways," as Mr. Thomas D. Murphy's latest volume in praise of the motor-car is entitled, takes its readers by picture and by text, on many rambles through summer France and Germany, and whirls him from end to end of Great Britain; and a more good-natured, sunshiny volume is unimaginable. Mr. Murphy's beautiful colored-plates and his views of mouldering arch and votive tablet, are all the more interesting because of the perfect quietude with which he admits that he knows but little of certain persons. Mr. Murphy takes what he finds, and is thankful. Looking at the handsome volume, and considering how brief is the time since the civilized world has been under the control of the motor-car, one feels inclined to join the choir which almost without intermission, hymns the praises of the present time. Not the good old days but the happy present, and the fair future are the proper theme for the song of accelerated motion. Good maps of France and Germany, and England and Scotland, and an index complete the book for him who a-motoring would go. The Page Co.

In the first chapter of "Under Handicap," by Jackson Gregory, where the reader is introduced to two "gilded youths" traveling on the Overland Limited through Western desert regions, there is some ground for fear that a "Wild West" novel of the melodramatic, and only too familiar type is to be the outcome. That fear, however, is rapidly dispelled as Wm. Conniston, Jr. and Roger Hapgood, by a trick of fortune, find themselves penniless, forced to work or starve, and seek their fortunes under John Crawford, a man of giant projects and accomplishments in the way of reclaiming the desert. Conniston is the material out of which, from a mere rich man's son, with all his powers latent, a man is made. The battle which he fights is one against rival interests, time and the desert, in the completion of a series of tremendous dams, which are to be the means of bringing water to a great waste place. The fruits of his victory are, success (for who ever heard of a story where the engineering feat in which the hero was engaged was not successful?), the discovery of his own manhood, and the winning of love. In structure the story is compact and clean cut, and the local color is applied so deftly and unobtrusively that one is aware of little besides the clear, interesting progress of the plot. The author tells a stirring story well. Harper & Bros.

"Storm," Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele's first book, is well named. On page after page, northerlies and easterlies, gales and hurricanes, drive through the streets of its Cape Cod villages, rattle their windows, and wrestle with their

doors and roofs, or bring death and destruction to the Portuguese fishermen who have gone out after mackerel. And other storms, equally irresistible, blow up with equal frequency within the half-inarticulate souls of these same Portuguese, about whom the book is written, blow up as the climax of their long, brooding calms and lash them into a wild fury of action. It is told with an intensity and a stinging realism which suggest Winslow Homer's pictures of the sea; and Mr. Steele has a decided genius for imparting a sense of mystery and of impending doom to his narrative. Yet his title might also be taken as text for serious criticisms. He lets the elements of his story scud past in wild confusion, unrestrained, disordered, too chaotic and too hurried for the mind to grasp as parts of a well-knit whole. Action fades incomprehensibly into inertia; moods evaporate and come to nothing. Joe Manta, who tells the story, jumbles past and present, narrative and reminiscence, philosophy and psychology so inextricably into the same paragraph that they tend to neutralize each other. Joe's description of the state of partial coma which followed his hours of exposure in an open boat is applicable to a great deal of his story: "widely separated seconds were all run together in my consciousness, as though, in a modern moving-picture film, nine out of every ten pictures were cut out and the remainder run through rapidly." Aside from its value as a promise of finer books to come, "Storm" is interesting as an example of the influence of the cinematograph and the tenets of Futurism on American literature. Harper & Brothers.

In his first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn," Sinclair Lewis has accomplished that which many great novelists are striving after, and from which they too often fall short. He has portrayed a little shipping clerk, with a realism faithful to the smallest detail of the class and environment which produced Mr. Wrenn, and has at the same time never lost sight of the romantic possibilities of even the most unpromising material, nor has he overlooked the eternal significance of little things. As a plot, the little story can be soon told. Mr. Wrenn achieves the sudden wealth of $1000 from an unexpected source, gives up his position with the Souvenir and Art Novelty Company and takes passage for Europe to fulfill the dreams which have been fed by moving pictures and the circulars of steamship companies. He returns in a month's time and after being received as a fellow lodger in a second-rate boarding house, by what he considers the friendliest, jolliest collection of people in the world, he marries a girl who is an assistant buyer in a department store. The interest of the book lies, principally, in the character of Mr. Wrenn himself, and in the inevitable conflict of certain great elements within him with other elements, the result of lack of education and intellectual limitations. The character of Mr. Wrenn is perfectly consistent, and in this the unquestionable artistry of the book is evident; he says and does no precocious thing, and yet we are aware of a great genius for friendship and an unquenchable imagination. Not a few hearty laughs follow the reading of the book, and there is a thread of that pathos without which no true picture of human life is possible, when we leave Mr. Wrenn with his craving for human companionship satisfied, and his soul aware that it no longer has the leisure to dream and conceive great plans. It is to be hoped that the author of "Mr. Wrenn" will write another book, and still another, for he strikes a note that we do not hear too often. Harper & Bros.